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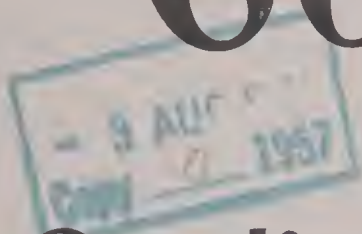


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SEPTEMBER, 1901.

Price, Ten Cents

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER



✿ Studies in Army Life ✿

By CHARLES M. SKINNER.



PUBLISHED BY THE
BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

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THE AMERICAN SOLDIER;

Studies in Army Life.

By CHARLES M. SKINNER,

Staff Correspondent of the BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE.

ILLUSTRATED.

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The Recruit



Of all institutions in this country, the Army has, till recently, suffered the most hostility and neglect. Regardless of the ethics of expansion, there is no question that it is to result in one good, and that is a wider knowledge of our military force and a

better desert of sympathy for the men who make it, both those who wear the blouses of the enlisted men and the men whose shoulders are decorated with the insignia of rank.

The Army, small as it is, in proportion to the territory it guards and the population it represents, is the strong right arm of the nation. It has done the disagreeable work that has fallen to it without brag, shirking or complaint, yet who knows what that work has been, or what manner of men have done it? If the average young citizen were asked who took Cuba, he would probably say it was Theodore Roosevelt, yet as a matter of fact, the Colonel took only a part of it. There were men at El Caney and San Juan who worked just as hard, and wrote no books and delivered no lectures afterward. Indeed, some of them never did anything afterward, for they remain in the earth in Cuba to this day, and except among their comrades, their names are hardly known. They saw their duty and did it. Noble little army!

The volunteers are entitled to no end of praise; they have given up employments that involved losses far larger than the average of the regulars are called upon to make; they have given up homes, which are things that the regular of long service knows only from hearsay; and therein consists the undue share of fame which the volunteer has received, as compared with that of the professional fighter. The volunteers carry with them the love and admiration of their home folk. Every one in Hacketts' Four Corners knows every member of D Company, Twenty-fifth Regiment of Volunteers, but where is the man of any town who knows two men in the whole Twenty-fifth Regiment of the United States Infantry. The member of the volunteer regiment is wreathed and eulogized, and when he goes home in a box the whole town attends the funeral and piles flowers on his coffin. The regular, after a life of battle and hardship and earnest, willing work, goes to his end with a bullet in his head, is buried where he fell, and his name is printed in an

official list. That's all. Yet who has ever heard the regular complain of his neglect? He takes what comes and says nothing,



One of Uncle Sam's Boys.

though what comes may be bullets or embalmed beef.

**OUR ARMY
THE BEST
IN THE WORLD.**

old standard of ineffective numbers and meager governmental sustenance. It is not a

thing to be toyed with, for political effect, but an institution to be considered with seriousness and honor: the best Army, take it all in all, that is to be found in the world to-day. This is no mere boast, made because it sounds well to American ears, but because thoughtful and impartial study and comparison with other armies prove ours to be superior in personnel and power of work. American marksmanship is conceded to be the best, and if there are fewer frills and incantations than there were in the days of fuss and feathers, it is a blessed relief. If there are errors in the direction of too severe discipline—survivals of military traditions that pertain to times and nations in which the soldier was a slave—they are still milder than the restraints that prevail in the armies of Europe, and no American commander refers to his men as swine, or designates a man in the ranks as "that" or "it," as is the fashion in some of the Teutonic armies. The American Army officer cannot be quite the autocrat. His tenure is reasonably secure, but he realizes the folly of imperiling the prosperity of the service by making it unpopular or obnoxious—that is, supposing that it were possible for the average American officer to be a popinjay, a tyrant, or a cad, which he almost invariably isn't.

One proof of the increasing esteem in which the Army is held is found in the improvement in its personnel. The young fellows who offer for service to-day are a better sort than used to carry guns for Uncle Sam before. Not quite so good as those who enlisted when the war broke out in Spain, but pretty good all the same. It would be wrong to give an impression that college graduates are enlisting in great numbers, yet there are college graduates in the ranks, and they are giving a good account of themselves, too. The average recruit is of the laborer class, but he is not a stupid fellow. On the contrary, he must at least know how to read and write, and if he goes into the artillery he must likewise be able to do a little ciphering, for he will be called upon in that service to read range finders, range tables and thermometers and barometers, if nothing worse.

**RECRUITS ARE
WIDE AWAKE
YOUNGSTERS.** A majority of those who enter the Army now are wide awake youngsters of an age when adventure appeals to them and when hardships are a sort of picnic. None of them have come to the season of slippers and firesides, and none of them enter the service as a refuge from debts and sin. Not only must the candidate pass a thorough physical examination and prove certain mental qualifications as well, but he must have a few increas-

If the applicant cannot furnish letters or testimony of recommendation from anyone in the neighborhood, he is cared for at the recruiting station while he sends home for them. Each recruiting office in the cities has a room with two or three beds where these men are kept till called for, and a contract is made with some not too conspicuous restaurant to feed them. These recruiting offices used to be peculiar to the cities alone, but an effort has been made recently to secure a country representation in the ranks, and it has been moderately successful, though for some reason the farmer's boy does not stand it so well to stay out all night as does the son of the east side denizen who promenades the Bowery.

The usual city recruiting office is a rented floor in the business district, and is in charge

to take near a candle, often subject themselves to the ignominy of what they call a "throw-down," and sometimes the throw-down extends the entire length of the stairs. The place has a sort of fascination for some of these unfortunates. They stand gazing at the picture of the men in pretty blue clothes at the entrance till they are sufficiently hypnotized and then shamble into the office. In one station a certain bummer shows himself about once a month. He knows that it isn't of the slightest use, but it has become a sort of devotional or patriotic duty with him. Possibly he hopes that if he goes there often enough the officer will ask him to run out and take a drink.

The number of applications will vary unaccountably at different seasons. Last July 224 men presented themselves in one office

look after himself and do things for his own comfort, because a direct result of army training is that it teaches the soldier to be self-dependent, and not to rely on other folks to do things for him.

HERE IS A SAMPLE DESCRIPTION.

The abbreviated description of the man that goes upon the books is rather blind to the civilian, but it is full of meaning. Here is a sample: Smith, A. B. 22 3-12 years, 5 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. Dark. Blue eyes 5. D brown hair. Born Brooklyn, N. Y. Janitor. Enlisted July 23, 1900, in Brooklyn by Captain Curtis. 3 years L. s. $\frac{1}{4}$ forehead, 4 p. h. ms. left cheek, left upper central incisor missing. Scar $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$ l. f. arm. L. s. I. inches 1, thumb, brown stain, $\frac{3}{4}$ d.



A BAND OF "JOHNNY-COME-LATELYS," DAVID'S ISLAND.

of an officer who has a sergeant as his deputy. At the door you shall see a lithograph exhibiting the enlisted men of the various branches of the service, each one distressingly proper in appearance, and as slickly dressed as if he had stepped out of a fashion plate, which heaven forbid that any who live in fashion plates should be allowed to do. The fitments are simple—just a few chairs, a desk or two, the iron bedsteads in the back room, and here the officer receives the fiery warriors who want to hunt Filipinos and Apaches. One of the first questions is:

"What do you want to enlist for?" and if the answer is "'Cause I can't get nothing else to do," the officer replies:

"Well, if you are useless in one line of work you will probably be useless in another and you are just the sort of fellow that we don't want."

But between you and me and the postman, if he passes the examination the lad gets in, and it may be the making of him that he does.

QUEER STICKS APPLY TO UNCLE SAM.

Old soaks, with breaths that it is dangerous

Queer sticks you will find applying for work under Uncle Sam. Old soldiers return for re-enlistment and they are always welcome.

in Brooklyn, which is not considered as a very good station, the residents being all so rich and busy that a strenuous or wandering life has no charm for them. Of this number, 49 were accepted. Yet no sooner was election over, and it was settled that Mr. Bryan would remain away from Washington for four years, than the recruiting business fell off remarkably, and it has not picked up again. The presumed reason for this fact is that the shops and mills are running on full time and that nobody has to enlist unless he wants to.

After the applicant has made a satisfactory answer to the questions of the officer, he is stripped, weighed, measured and a physician punches his ribs and listens to his heart beats and his breathing and overhauls him for the wrong kind of veins and eyes and ears and bones and liver and other works. The Bertillon system of measurements, which is in use in many of the prisons, is applied to the new arrival, and duplicates of the descriptions are filed among the archives of the War Department, so that it is an easier matter to catch deserters to-day than ever it was before—if they are worth catching. It at least enables the officers to spot them when they try to re-enlist, as they often do. And one of the first things that makes an officer suspicious of an applicant is the applicant's ability to

1. knee "A. B. S." in red and blue 2 inches x 3 inches in all. r. f. arm p. h. m. back upper l. arm 2 p. h. ms. back l. f. arm. vac. $1\frac{1}{4}$ x $\frac{3}{4}$ l. arm. Last vaccinated July 10, 1900. Residence, 4,288 Gates avenue, Brooklyn. Enlisted for foot service. White infantry & for'd to Fort Slocum, N. Y. per instructions from A. G. O. April 28, 1900. Sent from Station via Rectg. station 25 & 27 Third avenue, N. Y. city, 11:30 A. M. July 10, 1900. Preference for Philippine service. It may be of interest to learn that this system of measurements was not devised for the purpose of identifying criminals, but soldiers, and that its adoption in the French army was a measure of protection against foreign spies, who might otherwise enlist and make drawings of the forts in which they were stationed.

The interrogations that precede acceptance relate to the man's history, his principal sins, his habits, how long he has been in the country and if he is a foreigner he is advised to take out naturalization papers at once. The common causes of rejection are varicose veins, which persistent candidates will try to have cured at a hospital; narrow chests, which are so common that the officers believe there is something lacking in our schools in respect of oversight of pupils, and incompatibilities of weight and height. The

physical proportions to be approximated are these:

Height.	Weight.	Chest measurement.
64 inches.	128 pounds.	32 inches.
65 inches.	130 pounds.	32 inches.
66 inches.	132 pounds.	32½ inches.
67 inches.	134 pounds.	33 inches.
68 inches.	141 pounds.	33½ inches.
69 inches.	148 pounds.	33½ inches.
70 inches.	155 pounds.	34 inches.
71 inches.	162 pounds.	34½ inches.
72 inches.	169 pounds.	34½ inches.
73 inches.	176 pounds.	35½ inches.

IT'S A SERIOUS MATTER TO TRY TO CHEAT.

For infantry and heavy artillery the least height is 5 feet 4 inches, and weight must be between 120 and 190 pounds. For cavalry and light artillery the height must not be less than 5 feet 4 inches, nor more than 5 feet 10, and weight must not exceed 165 pounds. Married men

are not preferred and can be enlisted only on the approval of a regimental commander. The ages of enlistment are between 18 and 35. Minors will not be taken without the written consent of a parent or guardian, and it is a pretty serious matter to try to cheat the government. It means several weeks in the guard house, forfeiture of pay and dismissal. One youngster who tried to enlist a while ago under a false name, declared that he was an orphan, but the orphan's father, knowing of his military ambitions, dropped in to the recruiting station and opposed them. The youngster, who had been out to get his "guardian," presently returned with the proprietor of a cheap restaurant in the vicinity, and was ready to swear himself into the service, but he didn't.



OFFICERS
QUARTERS AT
DAVID'S ISLAND

In appearance there are deceptions likewise. Recently a burly fellow offered himself at one of the city stations and was greeted with joy. He was an ideal recruit; had been smashing baggage or throwing ice against people's doorsteps until he had a prize-fighter's muscle and a chest like a bass singer. But, to quote some military slang, he fell down on his chest. It was more than a yard around, but it staid just where it was. He had been born with it, and it was nothing but bluff. It held only as much wind as any ordinary bookkeeper's chest, for it would not inflate. And he was cast

into outer darkness, an aggrieved and astonished person. Moral: Chestiness is not necessary to military success.

Once accepted, the recruit is sent off to the nearest rendezvous for recruits, and there he must learn his trade and await a draft into some regiment that is short of men, for desertions, disease, casualties and expiration of the term of enlistment are constantly depleting the Army, and a regiment is never long stationary in respect of membership. David's Island, in Long Island Sound, is the principal depot near New York, and there are usually on hand anywhere from one hundred to six hundred Johnny-come-latelys who are awaiting the artistic touch of the drill sergeant. They are clothed in blue by the quartermaster, topped with campaign hats and assigned to quarters in the barracks. They are not worked hard at the beginning, though some of them think they are, for the setting up exercise, which is

the left that he tips over one or two men near him, or plants his feet against their corns and causes them to remonstrate. This brings up the sergeant or officer, who sarcastically explains on which corner of him he may expect to find his right hand. Yet, after all, it isn't stupidity that makes him bungle; it is only a habit of scaring himself with dread of other people's criticisms, and the confusion resulting from the sharpness and bossy sound of the orders. He soon becomes tractable, and it is not necessary in our time to tie the traditional bundles of straw and hay to the ankles of the recruits while they are struggling to keep step and bawl at them, "Hay foot, straw foot; hay foot, straw foot; left, left, stole ten dollars and left; left, right, left."

When he has learned not to fall over his own feet the "rookie" receives his gun. He has been hankering to get his fingers upon it—hankering as vehemently as he will hanker presently to take them off again, when he is marched with it for several miles in a pouring rain or a baking sun, or when he must go on guard all night. About then a gun begins to weigh some pounds.

The day arrives when the recruit has learned his business and one morning there comes a draft that carries him to Fort Freeze-to-Death, out in Montana; or to Porto Rico, or the Philippines, or Hawaii, or Guam, or Arizona or some or any spot that he never heard much about before, and after that even his people are apt to lose sight of him. David's Island is a pleasant place, close to the popular summer resort of Glen Island. With a strong glass the inhabitant can look across



BARRACKS AT
DAVID'S ISLAND.

devils to induce strength and limberness and deep breathing, is considerable of a wrench to a person who has been in the habit of taking his exercise by sitting on somebody's steps and wishing that he had a job.

WHEN THE SOLDIER IS A SPECTACLE.

After he has learned not to slouch in his gait and attitude and to be prompt in obedience when people tell him to do things and to stop saying "Hullo" to the officers, he is led into the fields and there he makes a new spectacle of himself in learning the facings and trying to keep step. At first, when ordered to face to the right, he is apt to turn so sharply to

and see the pleasers drinking beer and eating sandwiches, and he can hear the orchestra on still evenings, when his associates are not deviling him.

EATING A MOST POPULAR RECREATION.

Once he did not care for picnic grounds. He had his own canteen, where he could buy beer, unseen by the Women's Christian Temperance Union; he has now a station of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is in a flourishing state; he has a library of 800 volumes, to which is attached a reading room that is supplied with papers and magazines; he has a skating pond, and he can see his relatives occasionally when they cross in the ferry to adore him in his soldier clothes.

And he can eat, and does it. Would you believe that it takes not only the regular ration to fill him, but that he can sweep away all the extras in sight? In one month recently he devoured 2,200 extra rations of bread, to say nothing of meat and vegetables and the things he could buy at the canteen lunch counter. This fact struck me as an indictment against the staff service and a chance for some person with a nose for unpleasant things to smell out scandals. But no. "Isn't the fact that he gets all these extra rations proof enough that the soldier is getting all he wants?" queried an officer.

"But I thought that since the Spanish war the ration had been improved in quantity and quality," I said.

"So it has been. All the men get enough. It's only the recruits that do all this extra eating. They come here two months behind in their meals, and they are hollow, way down to their feet. When we have filled up these bottomless pits, the regular ration is enough and there is food to spare."

The dread of famine need never deter enlistments. Since the present commander

glory of buttons having worn off, he goes about the barracks and the grounds in a *deshabille* that may alarm strangers, hence acts are read to him, setting forth the duty and advantage of keeping one's clothes on, and the best proof of the wisdom in so doing is found in the hospital, where colds are the commonest of diseases under treatment, though the rookie sometimes takes one with him when he goes to soldiering that he doesn't say much about his family.

A CLEANER WORLD THAN IT USED TO BE.

Once in a great while a tramp is enlisted, or the resident of a Bowery hotel, who is discovered to be—let us say it as gently as may be—populous. As his comrades put it: "He has buffalos." These buffalos are obnoxious creatures. They get into clothing and it requires a deal of haking and boiling to get them out. Pending these reformatory measures the patient is kept in the hospital, where he is harried and fumigated and shaven and shorn and steamed and scoured as never before in

maker, a silversmith, a molder, a painter, a miner, a farmer, a teamster, a tailor and a mill hand. And if they have to fight, as many of them want to do, the clerk will prove as able in the conflict as the teamster. There is a want of educated men to take situations as non-commissioned officers and there are worse things than being a first sergeant, or the electrician-sergeant of a battery, or a sergeant major, or a hospital steward, who is allowed to pass for a wise man, because he can wear spectacles. These men earn from \$25 to \$45 a month in the very first year, and if they go to the colonies there is a 20 per cent advance.

Now, that is not bad, when you consider that in addition to his money the soldier gets more advantages than many men in the towns enjoy, who have rent to pay and unions to support. He has his quarters, which are well warmed and lighted; his clothes are so numerous that if he is at all careful he has money left from his clothing allowance at the end of the year; he is fed by the government; if he is ill there is a hospital where he is treated without charge; and there is a company fund which is drawn on for extras, like base hall and foot ball outfits, holiday feasts, and for dining room accessories somewhat better than the regular supply. In fact, his pay is almost a clear gain if he chooses not to spend it for beer, and a hospital steward can leave the service at the end of three years with \$1,600 in the bank.

In time of peace the soldier may buy his discharge, if he offers a good reason for doing so. It will cost him \$120 if he takes it when the law allows him to apply, at the beginning of his second year. After that he pays \$5 less for each succeeding month until his term is within six months of its close. If he has stood it that long he must stand it to the end. It is safe to say that not 1 per cent. of the army buy a discharge.

If he stays his pay will go up in the fourth year, again in the fifth, and there will be other increases for each successive five years of service. And all this time he can be studying for a commission, if he is ambitious and industrious, with a chance of winning a pair of shoulder straps some day.

One bright fellow, who went into the Army as a green hand a while ago, became corporal, sergeant, first sergeant and lieutenant all in ten months. Of course, that is remarkable, and is not likely to happen again in years, but till West Point is enlarged there will be need of more officers than the academy supplies and the man in the ranks stands a better chance of earning a commission than does the civilian who used to be allowed to compete for it.

But even if one does not try to advance himself, there is no harm done to a youngster by three years of military service. He acquires not merely a good set up, but the habits of order, respect, promptness, neatness and obedience, and the knack of looking out for himself will be a gain to him for all the rest of his days.



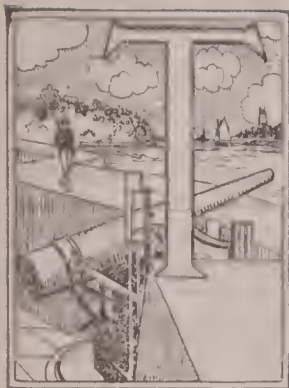
IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

of recruits was in charge at David's Island not a single complaint has been recorded about the kind or quantity of the food. That is probably more than could be said of the soldiers in any other service. The dress is plainer than that of most warriors, but it is the better for that. It takes less time and fuss to keep it in order. It takes time and watchfulness on the part of the officers to keep it on the new men, however. They are a careless, headlong lot, and are accustomed to ways of life that permit a man to go about in his shirt sleeves—and a few other vestments—when the day is warm or he has

his life; for it is a cleaner world than it used to be, and microbes that visibly walk about one's person are not tolerable in the Army any more than in other social circles of consequence.

The recruits in the mass are a decent looking company—fresh faced, sober, workaday lads of 20 to 25. Let us take the first handful of them and see what manner of men they were before they were soldiers. Here are 8 who were laborers, 4 clerks, 3 soldiers re-enlisted, 2 shoemakers, a spinner, a bartender, a fireman, a carriage builder, a machinist, a waiter, a packer, a cigar-

Garrisons on the Seaboard



HERE is a material difference in the function of a coast and an interior Army post. The troops who are kept about the forts and cantonments in Arizona and New Mexico are a police who are liable to be ordered away on an hour's notice to fight Indians

or desperadoes, and may require to be absent for weeks and cover thousands of miles of territory. Not so in the coast fortifications. The garrison here is commonly of artillerymen, and, although they are drilled as infantry their function is to handle the big guns. Thousands of dollars worth of government property is in their keeping, and strangers are by no means cordially invited to look around and make themselves at home. The artillerymen seldom travel far, and in the case of foreign invasion they would become the most important of all our soldiers, for to them is intrusted the defense of the cities. The inland garrison protects life and some property, but the coast garrisons have the keeping of millions of lives and many millions in property.

Biggest of the forts is Monroe, which guards the approaches of the James and Chesapeake. It is well known to visitors to Old Point Comfort, for they have it at their elbows, and they go there to hear the band play and see the drills and parades. The works cover twelve acres and the garrison comprises seven companies—about 800 men, including officers and band. The defensive construction is an interesting type of a fort that lost its importance when the size of artillery was increased, for a modern naval gun would pound its masonry to splinters, and the angles, so constructed that its garrison might easier fight a landing party with small arms, would avail nothing, for the party would not land till the colors had been hauled down—which, heaven willing, will never happen in America.

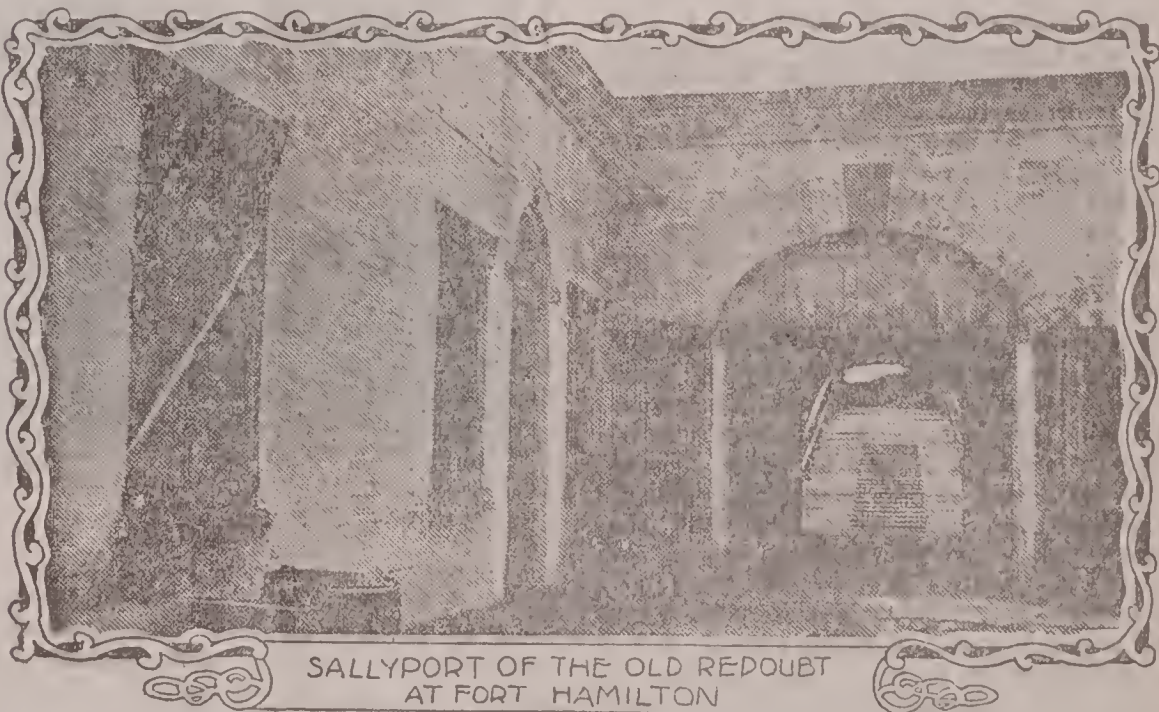
MILITARY SCHOOL AT FORT MONROE.

The new and dangerous part of Monroe is outside of the old walls, and comprises a row of innocent looking, grass grown dunes, behind which lurk monster cannon and ranks of mortars, and whoever would see these cannot do it, except by special favor, which is granted principally to Congressmen and military officers. Because of its size, Monroe is often called a

fortress, but we have no fortress in the United States. A fortress, as distinguished from a fort, incloses a town. Paris is a fortress. Washington was practically a fortress during the Civil War. Many of the German cities and some towns in Holland and Belgium are fortresses, because they are surrounded by works of imposing size and cost, and armed with guns to scare even the natives.

The most important function of Fort Monroe is that pertaining to its artillery school. Officers of cavalry and infantry go to Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, or to Fort Reilly, in the same state, for post graduate instruction, but officers of artillery go to Virginia. While the scheme is similar to that of Forts Leavenworth and Reilly, the course is less scholastic and more practical, and less depends on examinations and more on averages and work. At present there are but a baker's dozen of students, but with the return of the troops from our colonies there will be

is one of the defenses of the Narrows, through which ships enter the harbor of New York. The reservation covers about 100 acres, but the original fort occupies only a small part of this. It is a stone construction, inclosing hardly more than room for a battalion, and most of the old casemates are empty, except of stores. A few of these casemates, or hollow, vaulted chambers in the masonry, are still used as guard rooms, however, and a few are assigned as quarters for married men who have thoughtlessly enlisted, or have been thoughtlessly accepted when they did enlist; for government prefers its soldiers to be without entanglements, even when the entanglements might be welcomed for domestic service in officers' families, or to do the washing. The objection to a casemate residence is that it occasionally has no back door or window; hence, in summer there can be no draft of air, and it is common for the burly, red faced cannoners, with shoebrush mustaches, to sit at



SALLYPORT OF THE OLD REDOUBT AT FORT HAMILTON

an enlargement of the classes. The studies comprise ballistics and sea coast engineering, electricity, mines and mechanism, chemistry and explosives, post administration, clerical and other duties, army regulations, and the art and science of war. There is likewise a school for electrician sergeants, who came into being along with the big rifles. This gives a six months' course for such soldiers as wish to qualify for the office, and if they show proficiency they are recommended for appointment by the commandant.

A fort with a smaller garrison, but a more important function, is Fort Hamilton, which

their doors on hot afternoons and sticky evenings and say to one another, "Well, I do declare, I think this is perfectly horrid."

VISITORS NOT WELCOME IN A FORT.

Fort Hamilton is destined to lose much of its ancient appearance. Fort Monroe is equally obsolete, and if it had not cost so much and was not so interesting as a relic and had not become such a show place, and would not be so expensive to destroy, it would be taken apart and given to the poor. But Hamilton

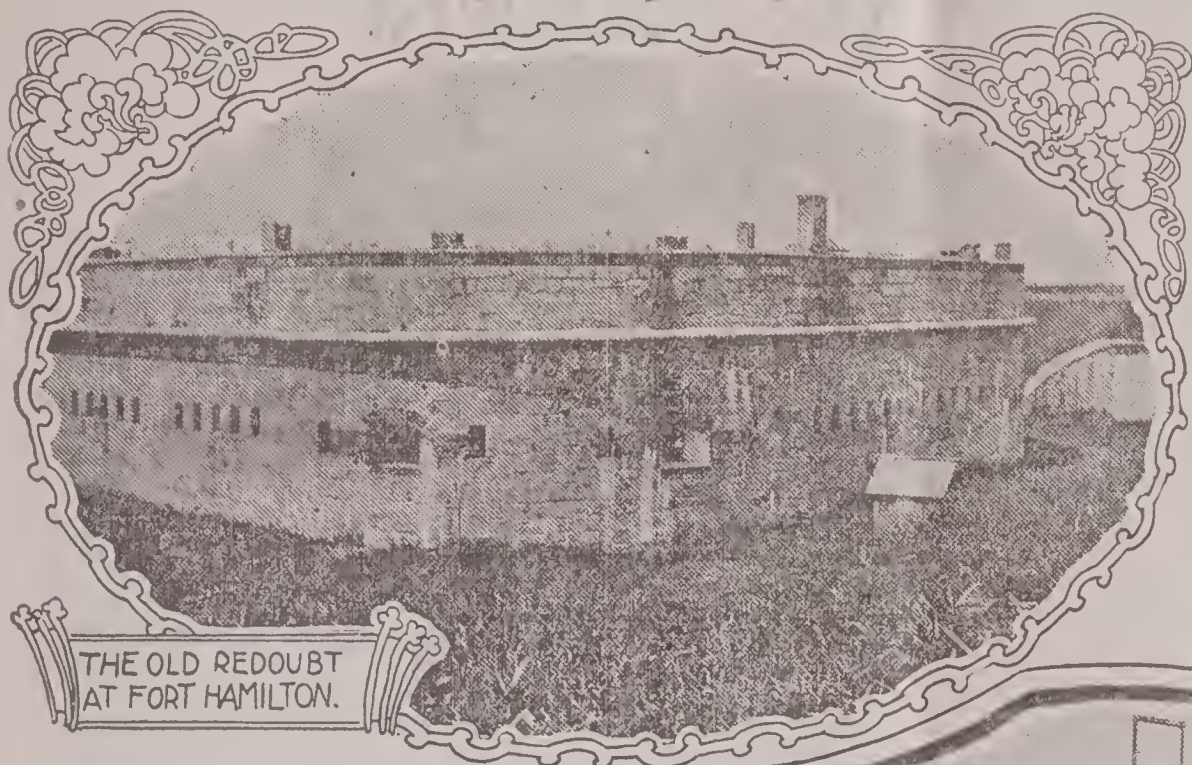
is already transferred out of itself, and the places where the big guns hide are earth-works, with cement linings that extend along the bay front. No outsiders are allowed to visit these guns; not even the soldiers of the garrison may go to them, except when they have work to do. One may not photograph nor describe nor even look too closely at them, lest he should be tempted to turn away and inform a foreign government where they are, and how strong and how many. All the same, every foreign government has a plan of Fort Hamilton in its archives, just as we have the plans of a lot of places abroad in

TARGET PRACTICE NOT ALWAYS A JOY

Gunnery is a vexatious trade in busy waters, and you never could guess how many fishing boats there are in the neighborhood until you train a big rifle across the track where they travel. Everything is ready, the piece is loaded and sighted, when along comes a picayune smack with a couple of men and a couple of dollars' worth of dead fish in it, and the fire must be held. They are not safely past the danger line before another smack comes beating up against the wind, and directly

stonework is out of date and defensive angles count for nothing against ships. Indeed, another revolution is in sight. It emerges with the Gruson turrets, which are low, rakish, round-roofed constructions, suggesting small gasometers or the turrets of monitors, painted so as to resemble the surrounding soil and nearly covered with grass, huddling close to the earth, but containing a couple of powerful guns. The arched roof causes projectiles thrown against it to glance off, and the guns may be trained on any point in a wide circle. Such turrets can be built on artificial bars and islands in our harbors, they can be planted on beaches and among the rocks of bolder shores, they can be almost wholly concealed amid the shrubbery of bluffs, and they can be worked by a few men. So, although Fort Hamilton is modern, it may to-morrow be as out of date as Ticonderoga.

Most of the government reservation at Hamilton is given to grass. The horses use this to their advantage. Also, one cow, that is attached to the hospital. Every company has a garden, and there is a little "gentleman farming," but, like most of this kind of farming, it does not pay very well. Instead of raising cocoanuts, and bananas, and things it is not easy to get, the men raise potatoes, onions and such like, and instead of asking the agricultural department to give the seed for these vegetables, as it does to strangers in the backwoods, they recklessly buy it. However, the little farms afford occupation,

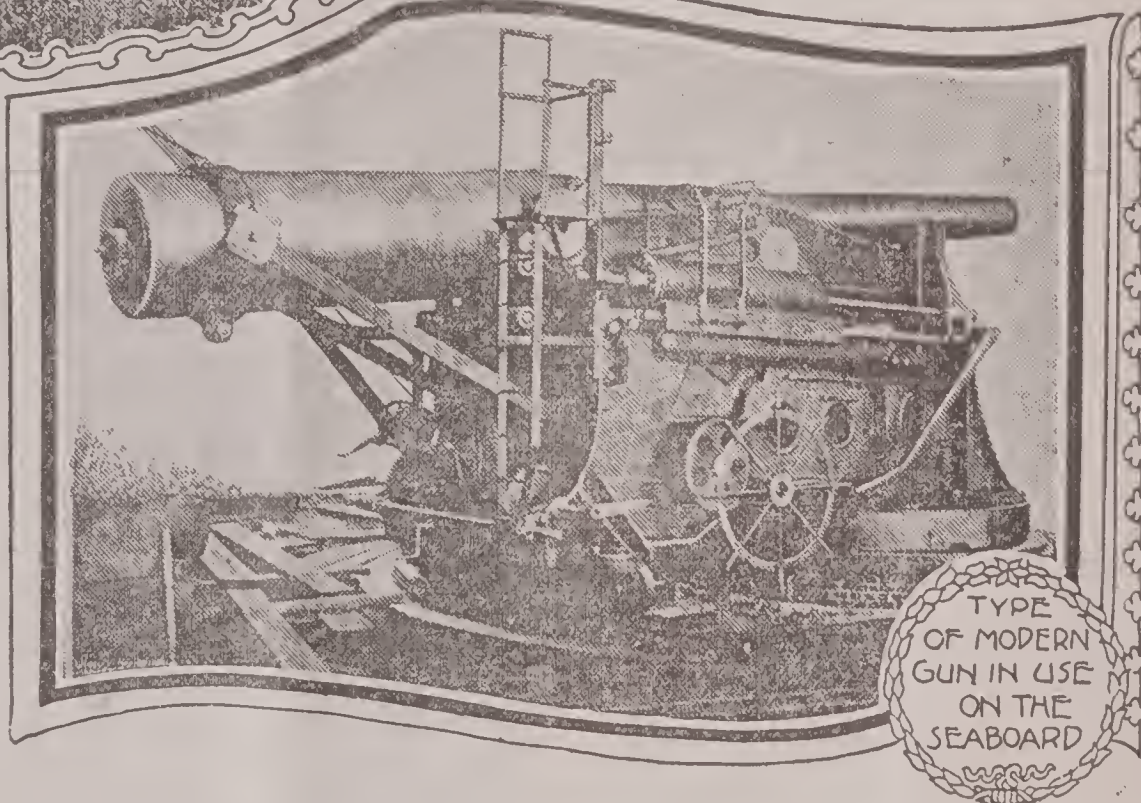


THE OLD REDOUBT
AT FORT HAMILTON.

which we have no present interest, and in which we never had any business.

Gun practice comes but once or twice a year and is a great occasion. The firing of a ten inch rifle deserves especial ceremonies, but the principal ceremony is to scuttle away from it. It is a great tube 32 feet long, carrying a lump of iron to sea that weighs 575 pounds, and is driven into space by 280 pounds of powder. The men gather about the piece. It is loaded and sighted. Away out on the shining water, three miles, perhaps, you can just see a speck that is being slowly drawn to and fro by a tug. That speck is the target. You are filled with amazement to think they should try to hit so tiny an object with so big a shell. All is ready. Those who have no pressing business in the vicinity retire. Those who have open their mouths and rise on their toes to ease the shock of the explosion, for, do as they will, their ears will ring for hours after. A dazzling flash, a crashing roar, and—listen! the roar continues, like thunder moving out to sea. It is the shell. In two or three seconds there is a mighty burst of water a couple of miles away. Another second and a second fountain plays, a mile beyond it. There may be another ricochet and a third fountain before the iron falls into the ocean and goes down to alarm the sharks.

Meanwhile, the gun, which has a recoil that would stave in the side of a house, if it were unchecked, sinks quietly on its disappearing carriage and a huge cloud of smoke drifts off. For they cannot afford smokeless powder for target practice. That is reserved for battle, so that the enemy shall not see where the shots are coming from. A corporal takes his pipe from his mouth—he is off duty—and remarks, "Gee! If I had the money it costs to shoot at them targets to-day, would I quit the Army to-morrow? Well, I guess yes."



TYPE
OF MODERN
GUN IN USE
ON THE
SEABOARD

behind it a third. And so the procession passes for possibly an hour. Meantime the officers are kicking their heels against the masonry and wishing that martial law were extended to cover a few miles of the sea, in order to bring these troublers in or keep them out.

The old fort had walls of masonry, and these walls jut at various angles, the idea of the recesses and projections being to expose to rifle or howitzer fire an invading force that might reach the ditch, as every face of the outer wall is covered by an angle, so that the ditch can be swept in every direction. To reach the moat in the first place the enemy, after landing, must advance over the sloped plain, called the glacis, which is kept bare of everything but grass, in order to afford no shelter. But

and if it were not for planting, hoeing, watering and shooting potato bugs the men who till the soil might be leaning over some silk counter in the neighborhood and talking politics.

DELIGHTFUL PLACE FOR A GARRISON.

The situation is delightful. It is the southwest corner of Brooklyn. The ocean laves its outer edge, and the Narrows on the western side separate it from the picturesque heights of Staten Island, also crowned by forts. The ancient stone castle of Fort Lafayette stands a few rods off shore, not merely useless but in the way, yet an example of fortification which was respected during the Civil War. It is circular and contains ranks of casemates, each containing places for guns, and a few old smooth bores

and mortars, with "bums" and carriages rust about the premises. These relics are taken away every now and again to be broken up for old iron, and the hearts of relic hunters break when they think of it. Lafayette, a fort of the Sumter type, was a federal prison forty years ago. Eastward appear across a reach of water the towers and roofs and wheels of Coney Island, which almost any soldier may visit in the evening, if he will be good, for there is much liberty at this place. Indeed, the enlisted man who has no specific duty is practically free from 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon till 6 o'clock next morning, provided always that he has shown himself to be trustworthy and does not overstay his leave. This freedom makes the men better contented. They have all the advantage of a city residence without high rents and quarrels with jautors. It gives to them the chance to dine at the swell restaurants and go to theaters and receptions and dances and call on friends who introduce themselves in the Bowery. Formerly the skirts of the fort were crowded with cheap saloons and dance halls, but a lucky fire removed some of them and the keepers of others retired in disgust after the canteen was established. Now that the canteen has been removed the saloons are coming back. The men are a well behaved lot, however, for the near presence of temptations and opportunities removes the incentive to go wrong. The surest way to make a man do a thing is to surround it with difficulties and remove it to a distance. The City of New York being just outside the fort, its vagaries astonish and attract the men less than if they had recently come up from New Mexico.

Because there are schools and libraries and churches outside, there is less to be done for the promotion of mental and moral industry than would be the case in an isolated post. The children of the officers attend the public schools of Brooklyn, which are sure to be better than any private school in a fort, and some of the soldiers attend the night schools of the city. If the men wish to attend divine service they may take their choice of almost any sect, for there are churches and chapels of every denomination within easy reach. How many of these husky youths go to church three times on Sunday deponent sayeth not. The public library of Brooklyn has a branch near the fort, so that soldiers can take books, and there is a library on the post, which has papers and magazines; but its 500 volumes were donations and consist to a considerable extent, therefore, of congressional records, reports of boards of survey, of tract societies, of legislatures and of patent office doings.

WHERE SOLDIERS GO TO SCHOOL.

There is one school on the grounds, but it is for the enlisted men. It is taught by one of the soldiers detailed for that purpose. There are fifty scholars, who attend without urging, but if a recruit is uncommon dumb he can be sent to that school by his officers, made to begin his a-b abs and also to learn to figure out the sum of two and two. The strain on his mind is not usually great, because he has a physique that enables him to endure a good deal of effort. There is also an advanced school for more earnest students, and it has ten pupils. For morally instructive purposes the Young Men's Christian Association has established a branch, and the meetings are fairly attended. On certain afternoons there is song service and the sound of hymns in feminine voices makes Johnny-come-lately think of home, if he had one.

It also makes him think of home if he is put into the guard house—it is so different

It is one of the casemates of the old fort, and is bare and dismal and has iron bars that interfere with a free circulation. But he merely sleeps there. Prisoners earn their keep by working at the most ornery jobs to be had about the post. Each batch of offenders goes to his task with a guard at its heels, and the guard has a loaded rifle and orders to shoot if the prisoner runs, but the prisoner is sometimes too well satisfied to run. The other day I was chatting with some of the villains who had broken the laws, and who were distributed over a parade ground, lazily plucking

cant, and the coast artillery has about three weeks of actual firing practice in the summer. The big guns are of 4 7-10, 10 and 12 inch bore, and there are 12 inch mortars.

DAYS OF "STRIKERS" ARE NO MORE.

The recruit who has learned how to carry himself and his gun, and who has worn his blue clothes long enough not to consider himself a spectacle, is glad to be sent to Fort Hamilton. It offers advantages that he



OFFICER'S ROW AT FORT HAMILTON.

weeds. Pointing to one of the weeds I asked a prisoner what it was. He rolled over on his back, kicked gleefully at heaven and replied: "I dunno, but I think it's a cinch meself."

The usual living places at Fort Hamilton are well constructed barracks, one for each company, with separate quarters for married men, and the officers have pretty cottages with shade and gardens fronting one of the Brooklyn streets. Since the fort was founded, in 1825, the government has added forty acres to the original sixty, but it has now in contemplation a really fine scheme which will include not only the enlargement but the beautifying of the premises, and the arrangement of officers' quarters in a semi-circular group, about a park. The garrison consists of a battery of field artillery and five companies of coast artillery: an effective of 510, including fourteen officers, of whom only eight are on duty at the place at this writing. Two of the coast artillery companies are temporarily at Fort Columbus, another station in New York Harbor, familiar to steamboat passengers because of its utter uselessness, except as a recruit station and a prison, and conspicuous because of old Castle William, the granite cheese box at one corner.

Under the recent changes in army organization several forts pass under command of one officer, provided they are near one another. The old regimental organization has been discontinued, and the artillery consists of thirty batteries of field artillery, with 165 men in each, and 126 companies of coast artillery with 109 men in each. Artillery colonels are now in command of districts, which may include four or five works of the first importance; lieutenant colonels and majors are in command of forts, while companies and batteries are in command of captains and lieutenants. The field artillery drills every day with dangerous looking rifles of a size to make the old field pieces insignifi-

cant. Accidents are impossible on the firing line, because there isn't any firing line; and he seldom has an opportunity to break into jail. If he has a little knack at other things than soldiering, his lot is all the easier, or at least more remunerative, for government offers an extra stipend to soldiers who can make themselves useful about a military station in other than military ways. There was a time when the private was employed by his colonel or his captain as a "striker," that being the name for a man who never struck, and was detailed for domestic service. He peeled the potatoes and trundled the baby out for an airing, and he went to town on errands, and be polished up the door knobs; but it was thought that this kind of work was derogatory to his dignity as a servant of the United States, and now the officer hires his help from outside, when he can, though, generally, he can't. Of course, many of the soldiers were glad to serve as strikers, inasmuch as they were excused from certain drills and duties, and the officers paid them extra into the bargain.

While there are no more strikers, certain officers are entitled to the services of orderlies, who are messengers rather than servants, but must take care of the officers' horses. As this position requires intelligence and neatness, and carries with it certain concessions, it is not refused when offered; at least, not often. Strikers sometimes earned as much as \$40 a month, with their government and private pay, but the enlisted man who is a clerk or mechanic does not often have the chance to earn more than \$30. Government allowances are large enough to pay mechanics in the ranks 50 cents extra a day and teamsters picked from the ranks have an extra of 35 cents a day. The mechanics include masons, plumbers, carpenters, machinists, printers and typewriters. Then there are skilled laborers, such as stable cleaners, gar-

deners and so on, who have no more than their \$13 a month, but are released from most drills. Every company furnishes four men for extra duty, and there are in Fort Hamilton twelve men detailed on what is called special duty. These are the clerks, head gardeners, boss of the wash house, librarian, school teacher and men who have the care of the guns.

It is a trifle saddening to hear that there are men who cannot be trusted in the company of a large gun without trying to clope with it, or parts of it. Said one of the non-commissioned officers: "We've got a few men here that would run off with a red hot stove." And this is one of the reasons why the guns and the stoves are watched.

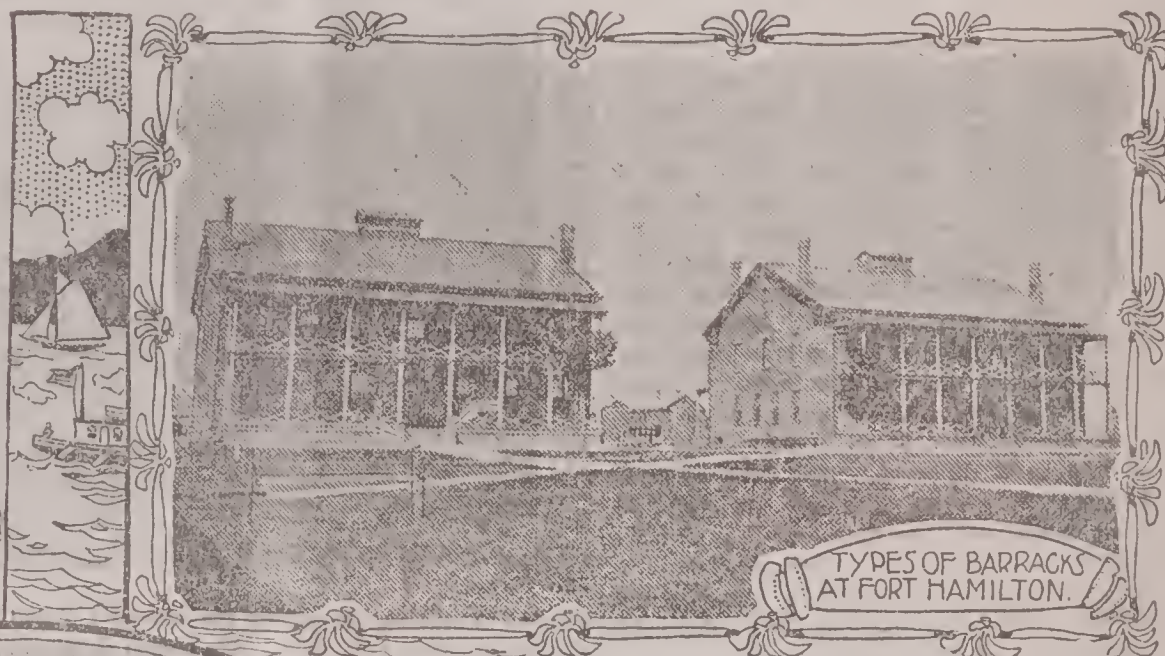
OPPORTUNITIES FOR BRIGHT MEN.

Let it not be supposed that the men who run away with stoves are any considerable or esteemed portion of the United States Army. Quite the contrary. The worst that is told of the average soldier is that he wants beer, and, not being able to get it on the post, he goes outside, where they sell whisky. There are, withal, several enlisted men—and officers, too—who drink nothing but coffee and tea and water, and the relations between the men in the ranks and the wearers of shoulder straps are made pleasanter through the employment of bright, clean-minded young fellows as intermediaries or non-commissioned officers. There is a field in the Army for young men of just that sort. If a fellow is sober and steady and obedient and industrious and cheerful, he can hardly avoid being made corporal,

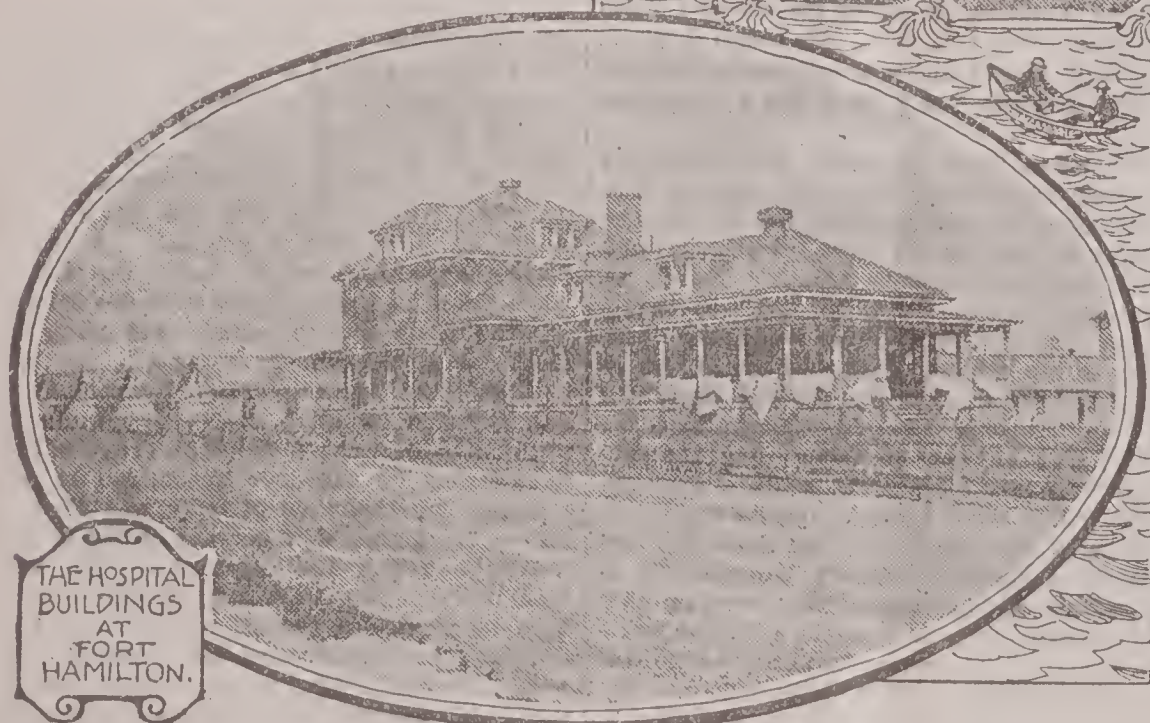
as corporal. Indeed, I met the other day a lad who was to be a second lieutenant on the next morning, and he was attired in his overalls, cleaning out a stable. He had never worn chevrons, and would step straight from the ranks to the command of a platoon.

Until a man receives his shoulder straps the gap between him and the officer is too wide to bridge; at least, the officer says so, and he believes it. The men take this social discrepancy in a complacent humor and speak as well of their officers as the officers speak of them. There is obvious good feeling on each side. The professional advantage of a bar between the officer and the private is that it enables the former to enforce his order, and to the regular Army man there are no relationships, no friend-

these days, and then he can flourish among the general's bric-a-brac with spurs on. It is a hard law or custom that separates a son from his parents, when that son is not only guilty of no offense, but has sacrificed immediate advantage to serve his country; but there is another side to the matter. Among our volunteers, excellent material as they are, the old equality that existed before enlistment continues, in a measure. When one of the New England regiments was mustered out, at the close of the Spanish war, it was almost in a state of demoralization. Several of the officers were troubled with brothers and cousins and other relatives, who placidly followed them into their quarters whenever they heard that there was to be a



TYPES OF BARRACKS AT FORT HAMILTON.



THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AT FORT HAMILTON.

then sergeant, then first sergeant, then sergeant major, and if he wants to study for a commission his officers will help him.

Two or three men in Fort Hamilton have recently risen out of the ranks and donned shoulder straps, and they speak in terms almost of enthusiasm of the officers who helped them—coached them in their studies, instructed them in practical tactics and supplied them with time and books and facilities for advancement. This is not invariable, for much depends on the officer. The commander of one post believes that if a soldier rises out of the ranks he should prove his worth by unaided effort, and if he learns that such a man is studying for a commission he will not promote him to be so much

ships that can dissuade him from his duty. One general in our Army has a son in the ranks. When that boy wants to see his mother, does the general allow him to go into the parlor, where he would be seen by the other guests? No. He does not see him at all, and compels his wife to go into the kitchen that she may talk with the youngster there. And the youngster will be admitted only at the back door.

HARD CUSTOMS HAVE ADVANTAGES.

This is an extreme case and the general is no doubt secretly proud of his son for his spunk in enlisting when he could not get in at West Point. The boy will earn his commission one of

drink, and in one or two cases men in command of companies had their employers in the ranks. Would they dare to tell the men who bossed them in civil life to step lively, so soon as they were in uniform? Some of the men could never understand the need of discipline, or the social distinctions that secure it, and when they were punished for an offense they would go to the guard house swearing vengeance against their commanders. Some of them tried to take it afterward, too.

In order to prevent this sort of thing one of the officers at Fort Hamilton has fathered a bill, that may yet appear in Congress, if it needs to go there, requiring that volunteer regiments shall be officered by men from another state than the one in which the regiment is raised. With a force that he is not afraid of, a colonel can do about as he pleases. The best officer is the regular, but there are not always regulars enough, so that the war department must do as it can, in an emergency.

But in Fort Hamilton, at least, every opportunity is given to the soldier who is ambitious and who is trying to better his condition. Social disparity between him and his superiors disappears after he receives his commission, and any office is open to him from that moment. This is not the case in some other countries, and even in England the man who rises from the ranks is eligible only to certain offices. In one of the coast garrisons recently a private received a commission, and his colonel, on the very next morning, took him out driving with his daughter. It is not always so hard to be a soldier.

Frontier Posts



THE term fort commonly means a place of strength. In the West it has recently become no more than a place of military assemblage. With the retirement of our frontiers, across several degrees of longitude west from Washington,

it has ceased to mean even that, for many Army stations, which in the days of savage wars and breaks of outlawry were important posts, sometimes really forts, are now in ruin, the parade ground gone to weed and sage brush, the quarters crumbling with dry rot, the flagstaff down, stables and fences carried away piecemeal to make fires for tramps and prospectors, and silence brooding on the place where, but a few years ago were bustle and clamor, the roar of the morning and evening gun and the thrill of martial music.

Our Army of 25,000 men sufficed for a home guard, and to the time of our break with Spain the frontier posts were strongly manned, even where no garrison was required. Indeed, it was necessary to place many of the regiments at remote stations on the plains and in the mountains, if only for the reason that there was no room for them elsewhere. Luckily the occasion for such forts had practically disappeared when the need for our Army for service abroad had arisen. Regiments have been withdrawn, then companies and even squads, and to-day we find such defenses as the old fort at St. Augustine garrisoned by one sergeant. The probability is that within a few years the interior forts of the country will be mere names. The National Guard suffices for local defense; the Indians are pacified and are going to school; the Mormons have never been so dangerous to the moral or political integrity of the country as to require the federal authorities to keep the guns of Fort Douglas trained on their capital; a sheriff's posse of indignant citizens is usually to be counted on in case of assault on the malls. It is only at the seaports and along the border that military stations will be maintained, and those at the border will be distributing points, rather than defenses, for the troops of either country will have free range into that of the enemy if ever we engage with Canada or Mexico.

HERE'S A SAMPLE FRONTIER POST.

A type of the frontier post is Fort Huachuca, Arizona. It was built in 1878, at a time when the settlers in that region were almost at the mercy of renegade Indians. Of these the Apaches were worst, and but for the caging of old Geronimo they would vex us still. Huachuca had a double advantage and importance as a base of operations against the Apaches and as a defense against the Mexicans, had any cause of war arisen between their country and our own. It stands at the entrance to passes leading through the Huachuca Mountains, into the neighbor country. Armies used the passes, but the Indians used the mountains, and in their almost unexplored fastnesses they found shelter for months, and almost for years.

The fort is thirty-seven miles from the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and stands just at the edge of the dreary yet impressive desert. A horse, or a mule team, takes you over one of the roughest of roads to what, by contrast with the desolation of the sands—desolate in spite of the cactus, the mesquite and the Spanish dagger—seems on your arrival to be a spot of singular beauty. Just where the steep hills shoot from the plain is an oblong parade ground with a flagstaff before the house of the commandant. This field is bordered on one side by wooden barracks; on the opposite side by the officers' quarters, prettily environed in flowers and shrubbery; at the lower end by the hospital and cottages of certain non-commissioned officers, and at the upper end by the library, canteen, post office and quarters for the few civilians employed about the place. Behind the barracks are work shops, store houses, a magazine, a bath house, a corral, stables, a laundry and a restaurant. On a height overlooking the post is a construction which has some semblance to a fort, but it proves, on approach, to be a reservoir. Fort there is none; not a foot of earthwork or intrenchment or stockade; nothing more than a wall of adobe about the powder house.

BUILDINGS ARE DILAPIDATED.

The buildings are simple in construction, mostly of wood, with some additions of sun-dried clay, and Congress has apparently overlooked them, for many are in a melancholy state, with fallen plaster, missing window panes, discolored paint, splintered woodwork and uneven floors. No coal is pro-

vided, but, luckily, there is a considerable growth of trees in the canyon behind the fort, bordering a creek that is a creek for a few hours after rain, and these trees afford all the wood that is needed for heating and cooking. And on a wild night, when a winter gale is roaring down the pass, when the forests are bowing their heads and lifting their voices, the lights seen through the uncurtained windows of the quarters denote open hearths with cozy fires, and where hearths are open and the flame shows forth, there hearts are open, too. It is so at Huachuca. Separated as it is from the world, the stranger is welcomed, for he comes bringing news and company. He will fare no better than a soldier, will sleep in barracks and dine on stew and coffee, but these fine, generous fellows who have engaged to fight for Uncle Sam, when that relative needs their services, will do what they can to make him feel at home.

Of late Huachuca, like other Western posts, has fallen off from its ancient consequence. It is planned for two companies of infantry and two cavalry troops, and to these a battery of artillery could be added; but at the time of my visit the garrison had shrunk to a single troop of cavalry, and that was expecting to be sent to the Philippines in a few weeks. When the garrison is so small there is less of routine work than in larger stations, for the men must be employed in those extra military duties which are known as fatigue, probably because they are so fatiguing. They must haul supplies, cut wood, make and mend roads, repair buildings and keep the grounds in order; they must serve as couriers to carry dispatches to settlements and telegraph offices; they must convoy treasure trains; they must act as police when disturbances occur or threaten; they must play farmer in the post garden, and must hunt for fresh meat in the mountains. One does not go for military spectacles to a frontier post. Not one soldier in Fort Huachuca has a full dress uniform.

EACH STATION A LITTLE WORLD.

The remote station must and does suffice to itself, and when its force is thinned to a skeleton its greatest lacks are social. Three or four years ago every post was a little world. Something was always going on. The troops were put through their paces every day, the evening dress parade was an event; there were band concerts on the green, polo and base ball and

foot ball filled some spare hours, the library and reading room were constantly patronized, there was much visiting among officers' families and, as will happen where there is visiting, gossip was exchanged of less or greater interest. Then the tedium of the winter nights was relieved by dances, assemblies, games and theatricals. Huachuca has a little stage, with curtain and scenery, in its reading room, but it is dusty and dilapidated, and the organ and piano are out of tune and harsh. There is no band—merely the buglers—and for diversion one goes to the corral and notices the mules.

A frontier post differs incidentally from one near the cities in the employments of its garrison, but it differs in size and geography, too. It occupies a large tract because there must be ample forage ground for horses; because it must have its own farms and gardens; because the disreputable resorts that spring up about a military station as soon as the canteen disappears must be kept at as wide a distance as possible; it is easy to take land enough, for usually government has relinquished no claims upon the neighborhood, and in the desert region a settler would say he had been swindled if he had paid more than 50 cents an acre; hence government has no rivals and objectors.

Fort Huachuca covers no less than sixty square miles. The line of ownership extends to the top of the Huachuca range, and this insures a wood and water supply, all the drainage of the nearer hills being capable of deflection to the fort, and the live oak, syc-

the dietary, but with no receipts the extras and delicacies disappear. If the Woman's Christian Temperance Union wishes to come into the partial good will of the soldiers it may do so by providing them with the canned foods, cake, cheese, preserves and such like boons that Congress legislated off from the tables of the enlisted men when it abolished the canteen. The women and the liquor dealers who have deprived the Army of its beer are not in the esteem of that Army at present, and if they wished to take up a collection for any moral or immoral purpose they would find the usually generous soldier a timid and unwilling giver. Some troops and companies fared so well in the past that they had special china for their dining rooms, figured with the regimental number and company letter, plated knives and forks, and even table linen. They were able to put on so many airs that they almost fell into disrepute, as dudes.

It has been said that soldiers cease to notice scenery after they have been in service for two or three years. This may be true of the foreign armies, but it does not hold of the American troops. Their admiration for the sweeps of vast and windy desert, for the snowy peaks, for the wild canyons, for the tumbling rivers, for the heavens gemmed with clouds of stars unseen in town, may be tranquil and not often expressed, but it is there, and it grows instead of lessens. One trooper, returning from a furlough, declared:

"I can never be content again in a city. I've got to be in some place where I can look

DESERTERS

OFTEN RETURN.

Yet it often happens that a deserter will change his mind after running away and will go back and give himself up. He knows that punishment is less severe and better adjusted to the offense than it used to be and, after a little experience as a hobo, he is anxious to get back to quarters among the rough, swearing, rollicking, devil-may-care, big-hearted fellows at the barracks, the small but certain pay, the regular meals, the warm clothing, the comfortable cot and the convenient hospital. These deserters are not always condemned, even by their officers, for the reason that some of them appear to be unbalanced.

In the annals of our Army, we find records of no finer, braver work than has been done by these frontier commands. To know what that work implies, one needs to see the country—the ranges lifting their precipitous peaks into the zone of eternal snow, the tremendous deserts, void of fuel, forage and water, the unpathed miles of cactus and mesquite, where the only living creatures to be seen are poisonous insects and dangerous serpents, the beds of ancient seas below the present ocean level, where killing heats are endured by day and chills come on at night. Through these wilds our boys have followed the Indians for weeks, months, years, and have conquered them at last; conquered, in spite of the red men's superior numbers and knowledge of the country; conquered, in spite of hunger when supplies must needs be forwarded for hundreds of miles and in spite of the delays incident to the use of wagon trains and artillery. Bloody battles have been waged among these desolations—battles that would have been needless if the white man had kept faith with the red man or if government had long ago done the proper and obvious thing and had turned over to the Army the management of the Indians.

And there are bad white men, who must be hunted into their lairs—train robbers and outlaws—as well as scalfaws and rebels from over the border. We have had a friendly understanding with Mexico that permitted our troops to cross the line "when in hot pursuit" of offenders, and Fort Huachuca is an important station, because it guards two or three lines of communication into that country. This understanding has been modified, but a cavalry officer dryly remarked that, if he were chasing Indians southward, he didn't think he should hunt around for boundary monuments to see when to stop. Mexico is only fifteen miles away and the authorities next door recently telegraphed to our troops to arrest the Yaquis when they were raiding northward at Nogales; but, although our men were ready for them, the Indians did not cross into American territory.

PRACTICE MARCHES

HARD BUT WELCOME.

In order to keep the soldiers in fit condition for this kind of work, they have long practice marches at least once a year, and, severe as this experience is, they like it. They are an uneasy lot and need change. When a march is undertaken the fort is practically emptied of its men, a mere handful being left to guard the place against fire and pillaging. The troops are gone not less than twelve days, and may be away considerably longer. For cavalry the day's march ranges from eighteen to thirty-eight miles a day, twenty-five miles being an average, but a few forced marches are always ordered, to test the mettle of the troops.

These ventures into the desert are excel-



more, cottonwood and mesquite furnishing building material as well as fuel. The post garden is eight miles from the barracks and comprises a tract of five acres, on which are raised the commoner vegetables and some fruit, including peaches.

HOW THE W. C. T. U. MIGHT SCORE ONE. When a post garden is in good yield it supplies so much food that the army ration, always more than sufficient, except for recruits and Indians, is sold, in part, to tradesmen and ranchers, and the money so realized goes into the post fund. The canteen receipts were also applied to the bettering and diversifying of

off for twenty-five miles." This pacifying effect of great surroundings probably has its part in the order and content of the frontier garrisons, and desertions are few, though the runaways may be a trifle more numerous than from the larger posts. Life is dull at times, and again exciting, and to pace one's beat, far out at the edge of the guard line, is trying on nights when storms are brewing among the hills or when rumors of an Indian rising have just come into camp. In the loneliness of those hours the soldier's imagination plays pranks, and he often blazes away at rocks and sage, because in his excited vision they are skulking savages or Mexican renegades.

lent things for discipline, morale and the development of resource. The men come back as hard as nails, in every way more efficient than when they started, and they must push on through sand storms, snow storms, rain storms and under blistering suns. Dog tents are pitched every night, but merely for practice, as in mild weather the men are not required to sleep in them, and there is much hunting, the dietary being enlarged by the addition of bear meat and venison. Mess kits and Buzzacott ovens are carried and every soldier is obliged to cook for himself, while incidentally he learns a good deal about packing, wagon driving and the dynamic possibilities of mules. The officers engage in heliograph practice, make surveys and must draw a map of the whole route of march, marking all buttes, canyons, streams, springs, woods, shacks and trails.

These desert experiences can be far from

WHEN INDIANS ARE USEFUL.

These Indians are good people to "stand in with," therefore, on practice marches and active campaigns. There is good politics, too, in allying them with the Army, instead of against it. This is one of the pet schemes of General Miles, and at one time we had no less than a thousand Indians under arms. When they were fighting for the white men they were out of one kind of mischief and their loyalty and pertinacity would astonish those glib detractors who declare that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. There are a dozen or fifteen Apaches at Fort Huachuca who are enlisted as scouts. Now, remembering that Apaches are the most poisonous of Indians; considering, likewise, the fact that these men are never sober when they can be otherwise, their reliability is wonderful. They are like a company of hobble-de-hoys of 16 or 18 years, are almost always good

signs the white man does not see, but to the Indian they are as the printed page. Their lives have been given largely to the study of animals from the economic and gastronomic, not the scientific viewpoint—and their wood lore is not theory. It is fact and practice.

APACHES HAVE GOOD APPETITES.

At Fort Huachuca these scouts occupy a barrack by themselves. It is dirty and disorderly as compared with the white men's quarters and their cooking is poor. They are tremendous eaters. It is no unusual thing with them to consume and waste ten days' rations in three days. Only boa constrictors are to be compared with them in power of assimilation. An Army officer who has had a long experience among them says that an Apache has been known to eat twenty-five pounds of food in twenty-four hours, and that he got his squaw to grease



amusing. Soldiers have gone mad with heat and thirst and with the terrible loneliness that assails men used to a congregate life, when, by accident, they are separated from their fellows.

When Major Cooper's command was within ten days' march of Fort Grant it missed one of the water holes, and for three days tramped along the burning sands without other drink than the blood of its horses. When rescued by a relief party the men were all horseless and were crawling on hands and knees and nearly all were crazy. All recovered after a few days of rest and good nursing. This kind of thing never happens to the Indians, who know every stream and water hole for hundreds of miles around, nor does it often happen to the hunting parties that go out during the winter, for they commonly seek the hills.

natured, doing no injury except in passion, and, being free from the trammels of an eastern conscience, may be relied upon to do just what they are told to do. A reward of \$10 was offered for a chief who had been especially troublesome. One day the son of this chief trudged into the commandant's office, with a gunny sack under his arm. He opened it, and there was the head of the chief. The scout had killed his own father.

These Apaches are the best of hunters, and though rifles long ago superseded other weapons they still are wondrous cunning with the bow and arrow. As trailers they are like bloodhounds. One of them, laying a grimy and impressive finger on my chest and breathing fumes of mescal about the premises, assured me that unless I had a long start he could find me, no matter where I went. A pebble turned, a lichen bruised, a leaf torn, a grass blade bent, a mark left in dust or mud, a twig broken—these are

his stomach after this exploit, so it would expand and hold more. This is a result of the ancient practice of making the most of things when they were to be had, and at other times doing without. When these scouts have eaten ahead of their allowance they seldom ask for more and never complain. If they suffer a feeling of hollowness they go to a "hog ranch" and get drunk. For purposes of discipline they are put through the forms of soldiering, but they are seldom trusted with important duties, and as they cannot read the Army regulations they are supposed not to know them. If a white soldier gets drunk and sleeps on post he is sent to prison for ten months and suffers a loss of ten months' pay, but an Indian escapes with a few days in a guard cell and a small fine for the same offense. These red fellows often wrangle among themselves, but rarely attack a white man.

The other night a too exhilarated Apache

struck a cavalry man on the head with a bottle, stunning him and causing a flow of blood. Thinking that their comrade had been killed, nearly all of the troopers organized a lynching party and order was restored only with great difficulty.

When off duty the Indians are seldom allowed to have access to their arms. The carbine racks are locked and put in charge of a sergeant, who has orders to call a guard at the least show of trouble; but this trouble seldom happens. Their civilization is only a veneer, however. Most of them go back to their tribe after their enlistment has been served and are willing to be bad Indians once more. The nomad is strong in them. They will leave their quarters in the middle of the night and roam off into the woods, and during a fall of snow and hail,

CHINESE MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL.

There are two or three Chinamen at Fort Huachuca—canny fellows, industrious, close mouthed, as the way of them is. They own a cow or two, they are the milkmen, laundrymen, money lenders and restaurateurs. Government has permitted them to build a couple of houses on the reservation, and in one of them they serve a cheap but palatable meal to such of the soldiers as want to vary the monotony of barrack diet once in a while. Like most Chinamen, they spend next to nothing on themselves, and the oldest of them is reputed to be worth \$60,000. When army red tape has not been untied fast enough and payment has been delayed, even the officers have found these Mongollans to be friends of

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leased in parties of three and four, as they often are, to go a-hunting. The mothers of these boys learn to trust them away from home, and their fathers would be ashamed of them if they never wanted to leave it.

THIS BOY NEEDED NO NURSE.

The son of an officer in one of these posts, a lad of 13 or 14, went hunting one day last winter. He did not return that night. His parents were not concerned; he had food and blankets. Next night he was still absent and a snow storm was raging through the mountains, the flakes pelting under the drive of a bitter wind. His parents began to take thought of the boy and two or three men were sent out over his probable trail, with blankets and whisky. On the third morning they met him, running behind a supply wagon on the road leading to the fort, running to keep warm, for his face was blue with cold. He had a string of rabbits in the wagon. When one of the soldiers dashed up and urged him to take a swallow of liquor, the boy turned an eye of astonishment upon him and told him to go to —.

In these great Western ranges, where in ten thousand square miles the population is smaller than that of a single block in New York, wild animals are still to be found and hunting is a part of the routine. The coyote still sings his plaintive ballad to the moon, the bear and mountain lion dispute the right of way through the passes, deer are often met in the woods and one may see an antelope, jack rabbits and gophers are steady company and about Huachuca the soldiers are in much dread of what they call "hydrophobia skunks." Their hydrophobia is a fiction, but it keeps the men from trying to play with them, as they certainly would otherwise. Even the Indians are fond of their dogs, and if you do harm to a dog or cat in the barracks, you break a soldier's heart and may get your own head broken as well. Once, when a band stand was needed at a western post and there was no money for the purpose, an assessment of 10 cents a week was levied against every owner of a dog, and the band stand was built in short order.

The game that appears in too great abundance in summer includes snakes, centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions and mosquitoes, but several of the posts where these things most abound have been given up—not because of the creeping things, but because of the lack of water, the undue cost of maintenance, and the heat.

Everybody knows of Fort Yuma, where the thermometer frolics up to 150 degrees, because that is where the awfully wicked soldier was, who, having died and gone straight to the bad place, returned next night for his overcoat. He has little company from the other frontier posts in his present place of residence, I warrant.

The American soldier, as you find him in the frontier post, may not be quite the equal of the soldier of the day when our Army numbered only 25,000 and could, therefore, be culled with caution, but he is a good, husky, sturdy, courageous, dutiful, average man.



THE RAILROAD TOWN AT FORT HUACHUCA.

When most people would prefer to be indoors, I came upon half a dozen of them tranquilly conversing under a tree a mile from the fort. Near by they had erected a sweat house, where they take a sort of Russian bath in the steam created by pouring water on hot stones. After this rite they leap into the icy brook that flows past the door and scramble into their uniforms. Indians in government service draw the same pay, rations and clothing allowance as white soldiers, and 40 cents a day beside for their ponies. This gives to each of them about \$25 a month in cash—unspeakable wealth to a red man. One of the Indians at Fort Huachuca had saved \$110 and was looking forward with joy to his deliverance and to 220 consecutive days of intoxication. When picked up from the floor and started for bed he would solemnly wink one eye, remark, "Four more days, hunnerd ten dollar," and try to go to sleep again.

a certain sort, for they were ready to advance funds for a consideration.

Women are few in and about these frontier posts. In time of Indian troubles they may be in danger and they must, in any case, be prepared to undergo privations of which those in the Eastern forts know little. There are few married troopers. Such women as are found in the resorts outside of the reservation—Mexicans, half breeds and reformatory graduates—seldom appear in the post itself. Officers' wives suffer for society and their children for schools. The youngster who grows up in a lonely station on the plains or among the mountains, even though his father is a colonel, will lack something of the finish of the lad who has gone through the public schools, yet he will quickly learn self-trust and independence; he will learn to find his way in the wilderness, he will learn to use a gun, he will know how to tramp and ride and climb and cook, and he will be good company for the enlisted men when they are re-

Aboard a Transport



WELL, the harvest days are over," sighs a young fellow in plmples to another one in freckles, as the whistle screeches and the sailors begin their yo-hoing at the gang plank and cables. Both young fellows are soldiers, and are looking sadly

ashore from the deck of an Army transport. Their harvest probably means the gathering of a large crop of wild oats in the meadows of New York City, and they are leaving those sunny fields for foreign service. No more beer, no more theaters, no more suppers at Delmonico's after the opera, no more swell society, no more anything that you buy for \$13 per month. They will smell Cuba and Porto Rico for the next two or three years and their joys will be different from those that linger freshly in their memories.

These lads are but a couple in over a hundred of rookies who have just been drawn from one of the recruiting rendezvous and the steamship Rawlins is about to take them to Matanzas, Havana, Cienfuegos and other places. They are in the sober dress of the Army, with blue in the flannel of their shirts, blue in their caps, jackets and trousers; blue in their overcoats and blue in their spirits, especially so soon as the Rawlins, the same being without bilge keels, hence vulnerable to the activities of the sea, has passed the lights, buoys and beacons and begins to dance in the long swells that an east wind sends rolling against the coast.

If nobody mentioned seasickness maybe no one would be seasick, but the gloomy person who always smuggles himself aboard ship and talks on forbidden and abhorrent themes is around, and shortly the mourners' bench on the upper deck is full, and its occupants are empty of everything except grief. They sit there, softly damning their luck and blaming the scenery; supper call finds them unwilling listeners; the cheerful soul that suggests pork and molasses and other toothsome dainties has no other applause than groans, and when the stars and everything else have come out, the defenders of the nation lay sprawled in various unkempt attitudes on the damp planks, in the chill air, and are too disgusted to know or care whether they are getting pneumonia or not. They merely want to be allowed to die quietly, and without having anything said about it,

or about pork. Nobody seems a hero when he is seasick, and there are officers, in the state rooms of the same ship, who do not in the least look as if they were entitled to their commissions.

Meantime at the supper call, below decks, a line of soldiers with tin stomachs deviously meanders up to the kitchen door. It has to go in several folds, in order to accommodate itself to the confined space, thereby suggesting a large blue snake. As the head of the snake secures a ration it is lopped off and a new one grows just behind it, with the same appetite. When the last of these threatening heads, the same being the tail, has been pacified and the cook has said: "Whew" and sponged his face, there is a silence broken only by the gnashing of teeth, and

made any provision for parlor theatricals, or poker, or balls, or light suppers, or much of anything else. He eats and slips around on the wet deck, and sits in the lee of hatchways, swapping falsehoods with his bunkies, and in wild weather he spends his time in being pale and groaning, and forlornly cursing the luck that made him sell his farm. At intervals he goes to the rail and casts aspersions, and his breakfast, on the Atlantic. He needs something to occupy his mind.

When an organized regiment, or company in charge of its own officers, is carried from one point to another, a routine is observed not unlike that of a camp. There is guard mount every morning, the policing of quarters is thorough, there are the morning and



OFF FOR FOREIGN LANDS.

such of the participants as do not feel worse and go upstairs, feel better presently and go to bed in the cellar.

TRANSPORT LIFE NOT EXHILARATING.

the only enemy in the world that makes him quake—will not allow him to have beer, and the builders and the authorities have not

For life on a transport, to an enlisted man, is not exhilarating. The Women's Christian Temperance Union —

evening inspections, sick call is sounded twice a day, the colors are hoisted at 8, when the guard is changed; then, at sunset, the band or the drum and fife corps appears, all on deck uncover or salute, and as the flag comes down, "The Star Spangled Banner" sounds from the bridge, and the day is over.

But when recruits are the passengers, formalities are omitted. They are not organized into companies, hence they have no officers, and, as happens in this instance, they represent all branches of the service. Being free

to dress as they please, they do not try to please, and, unless it may be for the chevrons of an infrequent sergeant or corporal, there is no way to tell what they belong to, save by the color of the cord with which they tie their campaign hats to their buttonholes: white for infantry, yellow for cavalry and red for artillery. They are an average, happy-go-lucky set, and the way they wear their clothes would distress a martinet of a European army. This one's overcoat is buttoned, the next one's is unbuttoned, and the third man hasn't any overcoat. This man is clad only in shirt and trousers; the next, in all he has, and shivering for more. Service caps and soft hats are worn indifferently, and on the second day out, two or three of the men appear in khaki.

COMMANDS ARE MEANT TO BE OBEYED.

In lack of officers, the sergeants and corporals prod these chaps occasionally and send them below to clean the decks, or their faces. The quiet and immediate man-

suddenly interested, he sleeps on a wire mattress, supported on a gas pipe frame, those being better than wood, because buffaloes never hide in the crevices. But he never knows exactly what will happen to him when he is sent to the West Indies or Gulf ports, for his interest may be subordinate to those of the freight. They are so in this case. He is consigned to between-decks, a chilly, lightless, ill ventilated cavern, where he is hemmed in by dunnage and bales and boxes, and his bunks are displaced and packed away, to economize room. Crosswise of the ship, both forward and aft of the engine room, are planted rows of upright timbers, about two feet apart, and opposite a similar row seven or eight feet distant. To each pair of these posts are slung two hammocks, one above another. A few men elect to sleep on the long benches that extend on each side of the dining table. To sleep in a hammock—not the kind you string from tree to tree in the country, but a strip of canvas that looks smaller than yourself when you try to get into it—is an

sheeting from their sides like snow in a Western blizzard, the sea is black, with lines of white and clouds of green, and the ship, catching the gale abeam, rolls as if she were going to turn turtle. Her slant is 45 degrees. Bang goes a cabin window; then another, and presently all the lights are knocked out. The women scream, or laugh hysterically, and there is a fantastic assemblage of the half dressed, and of people in bath robes in the saloon, wailing the loss or ruin of their clothes. All galley fires are out, and meals are not to be thought of. An officer's horse on the upper deck turns a back somersault out of his stall and is killed—a horse that has safely made the journey to the Philippines and back. The sick ward is entered by a Niagara of green sea, which falls on the men in the berths, and seems to fill the measure of their discontent. Medical stores are ruined, food supplies and freight are injured, the quartermaster's papers are pulp, personal property is lost and damaged, the



ON THE
DECK OF A
TRANSPORT.



HERE'S
WHERE THEY
SLEEP.

ner in which these behests are answered is in touching contrast to the rebellion that so often ensues in the domestic kitchen when Mary Ann is respectfully requested by the missis not to put the iron pot on top of the teacups in the dish pan. If only the Mary Anns in this country could be sent to camp, drilled—but, no: these are iridescent dreams. Commonly the soldier in his travels is better cared for than is the steerage passenger on the big liners, and is a deal cleaner. What a people we would be if he weren't! On long trips to Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, or any of those places in which we have become

art, because there are more ways to fall out of it than there are to stay on, and the recruit who has drifted sullenly to the floor three or four times in an evening will often go and sleep on an anchor.

OFF HATTERAS IN A STIFF GALE.

When the Rawlins rides into an eighty-six mile zephyr off Hatteras he doesn't sleep. It is an interesting occasion. The wind comes roaring out of a wild sky, pyramids and ridges of water pile higher and higher, the spin-drift

main deck is awash, and the stewards are wading through the saloon in bare feet, trying to batten the doors and fasten planks against the windows, tables and chairs break from their fastenings and are hurled against walls and doors with startling clamor, there is a frequent crash of tin and china in the kitchens, and what with the howl of the wind, the angry burst of the sea and the rolls and lurches that pitch one over the floor and flatten him against the sides of the rooms and passages, there is a kind of dissatisfaction.

RECRUITS ARE STOICAL.

Many of the recruits are from the country and new to the sea, and they ask, with some concern, when it will be time to go to the bottom. Yet most of them refrain from grumbling, and though they are cold, wet, dirty and you would think wretched, they

hole where he has been trying in vain to sleep, and remarks: "That's a regular hog-pen." He ventures this assertion without the least feeling, and as he might call your attention to the fact that the combs and tooth brushes supplied with rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria are better than those on ship board. But he is not far wrong. Civilized men and

the hay and oats and bags and boxes, and he can fill in with men wherever there is a gap in the cargo. It should be just the other way.

And excepting the captain quartermaster and the ship's surgeon, who make a daily inspection, none of the traveling officers on board visits these quarters of the enlisted men or asks any questions about them. They belong to a different sphere, belike, but a kind word and a little interest would not imperil discipline.

Cabins on an Army transport are reserved for officers and members of their families, and for the few civilians who are traveling on Army business. They pay but a dollar a day as mess expenses, and nothing for passage. People are always as willing to pay \$5 for a trip to Cuba, or \$30 for a run to the Philippines, as they would be to pay \$30 or \$100 for the same trips on steamers that are not transports, hence they are always trying to exert pull to secure staterooms, and it is even said that a lady with peroxide hair had a pass, once, but such incidents are not usual, and considering the moderate pay of the Army officer and the frequency with which government moves him about, it is but right that he should be allowed to take his family with him without spending most of his earnings on boat and railroad fares.

COMFORTABLE FOR THE OFFICERS.

The cabins and fittings of the transports are about the same as those of the coastwise steamers, and managers of the commercial lines have audibly lamented that they were not worse, because their cleanliness and comfort make so many Army people satisfied



MAKING THEMSELVES USEFUL.

take things as they come, whether the things are pails, that fall on them from a high place, or something to eat. There are not hammocks enough for all of them, so a few have been provided with cots. You can imagine how a cot acts on a wet deck that is never at the same angle for three successive seconds.

"Hey! Look at Sunburnt, will you?" cries one of the men, and those who are not too sick lift their heads to contemplate the doings of Sunburnt. The ship having buried her nose, hit cot starts on a long slide down the corridor in which the tables stand. At the close of the run the ship stands on her hind feet, and back he goes with a whirl and a rush, sticking to his cot like a boy to his sled. He is encouraged by the spectators: "I have two nickels on you."

"Time 3:14."

"Do that again, this Mick in the hammock didn't see you."

So Sunburnt starts on another trip, but this time the ship gives a wallowing twist, and he toboggans briskly into an iron post and falls off. His nose is bleeding, and he wears a look of surprise as he sits in a couple of inches of water, watching the continued migration of his cot.

He merely remarks: "Well, hell," and goes up to the main deck to think about it. Up there he meets a pensive artilleryman, who sniffs at the odors of grease, bilge-water, sea sickness and wet shoes that pour up the gangway, and inquires: "Is these them smells of orange blossoms they said we was going to run into?"

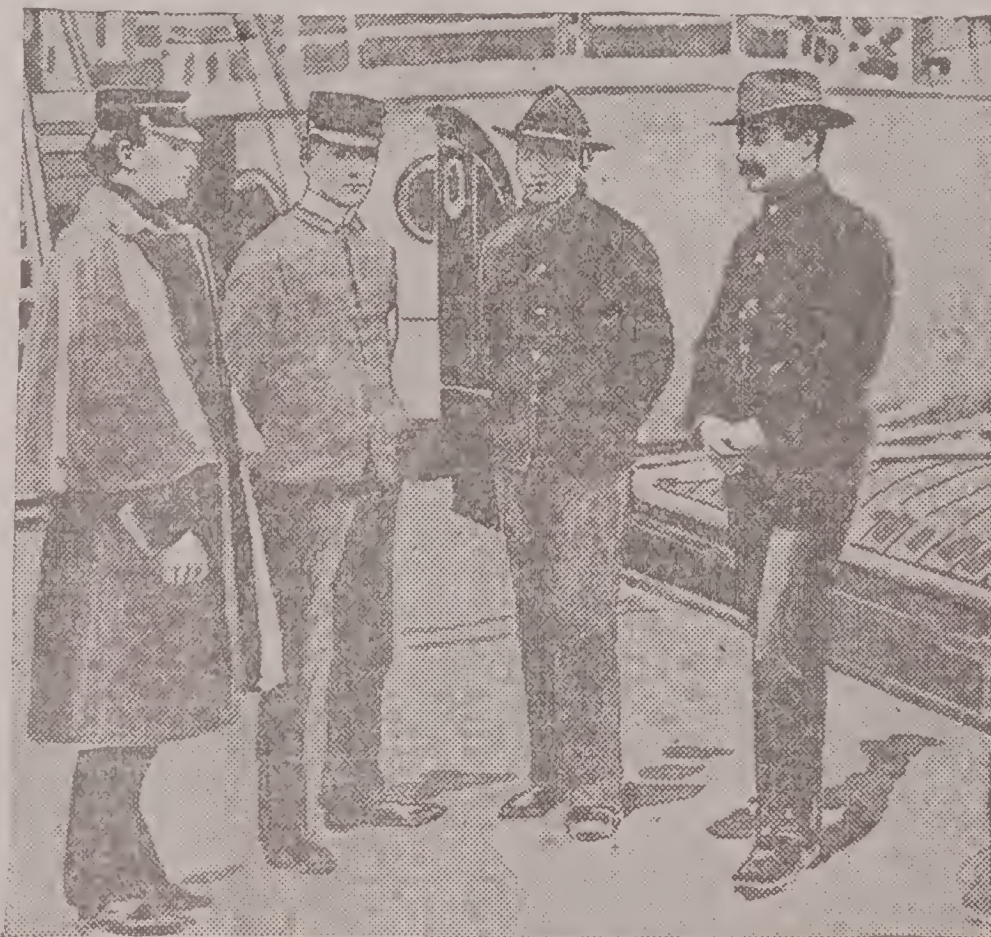
HEADQUARTERS RESPONSIBLE FOR ABUSES.

One looks down into the fetid and gloomy

A majority of the men take to sheltered places where they sit or stand about, saying nothing and showing a dull unconcern.

American soldiers deserve better. It is the men, not the freight, that should have first consideration. These abuses result from the imperative nature of the commands that come from headquarters. A captain is ordered to take on a thousand tons of freight, and two troops of the —th Cavalry, and proceed at once to San Juan. It is not said to him: "Go as soon as ready," but "Go." He has to take

to travel on them. The table fare is respectable and the service of the stewards and waiters excellent. The government loses a little in supplying the cabin tables, but more than makes up for it in the other messes, to say nothing in the saving in transportation of men and goods. It costs about \$1.50 per day to supply each cabin passenger. The ship's officers mess together at an expense



A FAIR WEATHER CONFAB.

of 65 cents each. The petty officers appear to have enough to eat when they receive 27 cents' worth. The sailors and firemen have about the same, but the soldier—poor devil—is supposed to fare luxuriously on 19 cents. For that he gets hard tack and a chunk of salt horse, or bacon, or beef, for breakfast; soup, meat, two vegetables, hard and soft bread for dinner; stew or anything left over, with bread for supper, and coffee with each meal. If he wakes at 2 o'clock in the morning the cook will under no circumstances make a Welsh rabbit for him, though even if he would there is no beer to drink with it, and the divorce of rabbit and beer is unnatural and an act of violence. If he thinks that he has smuggled something aboard in his kit that is stronger than beer, the

The recruits gather on the forward deck—all enlisted men are supposed to stay forward of the bridge—and spread themselves and their wet clothes in the sun. Interest is shown in gulls, porpoises, flying fish and dinner time. Papers and magazines, some of venerable appearance, are extracted from packs and pockets, and if it is Sunday the number of religious periodicals on exhibition is remarkable. Some of their readers would prefer the Police Gazette, but the missionaries who take that paper never give it away. A few of the young braves, with nickels, buy candy from the commissary and sit about munching it with the gusto of gods in the peanut gallery. The blueness has gone out of their spirits and they tell of the good times they will have

Francisco. The quartermaster general designates a superintendent for the service and he has two assistants who manage, respectively, the Atlantic and Pacific travel. Each ship is in charge of a quartermaster captain of the Army who supports the dignity of government and hasn't a very hard time, for the sailing of the ship and all except the military work is put upon the sailing master.

Troops on board are in charge of their captains and lieutenants, who commonly see to it that their companies have enough to eat and that they use soap sometimes. And you might be surprised to hear that negro troops are preferred by the transport men. They take a pride in their personal appearance, keep cleaner than some others and obey more implicitly. Where companies travel together a better order is maintained than where recruits are going in charge of sergeants. And it might be for the better if all of the crew were enlisted likewise. The clerks, engineers, carpenters, master at arms and especially the navigators, are quite satisfactory, as they are, and the stewards are as good as those on the ocean liners; but the sailors and cooks will run away and play in port. The crew are not regarded as a part of the Army. They are governed by the rules of the merchant marine, and although each one signs articles binding him to serve for a year, there is an elastic arrangement that enables him to be dismissed if he is a poor workman. If the crew were picked from among the enlisted men who had had experience of sea faring they could be held in better check ashore and the discipline on board would be better. The pay is good, the quarters vary with the size of the ship, but are usually comfortable and the uniforms of all who are classed as petty officers are neat; a dark blue dress, quite like that of naval officers for cool weather and white for use in the tropics. What time they are in port these servants of the government are fairly happy, for they have frequent shore leave, and whenever they reach a city they never visited before they take joy in going to town to see their wives. They can dance in several languages and are often musical. The Rawlins' quartet, of a flute, mandolin, banjo and fiddle, has nightly seances in the assistant engineer's quarters and has never created a mutiny.

More might be said, but as we glide into Matanzas harbor and the strangely foreign town of pink, blue and white rises into view, and we see the good old Stars and Stripes floating over the ancient Spanish fort and our cavalry at practice on the hillside, the quartermaster clerk, exhibiting large eyes and great agitation, rushes upon deck and reports the disappearance from the freight of 20 cans of mincemeat, 15 pounds of blackberry jam, 20 pounds of candy, 12 cans of green peas and 6 boxes of bedeviled ham. And the recruits do not say a word, but with full hearts admire the scenery.



DINNER.

chances are that an inspector will find it and throw it overboard—or somewhere.

For money one may buy apollinaris and ginger ale, but only love will purchase rum, and not that from any officer of the ship, unless it might be the doctor. And they do say that nobody ever asks a doctor for a drink, because the quality of whisky in the medical stores is awful.

ROOKIES ENTER ON A NEW LIFE.

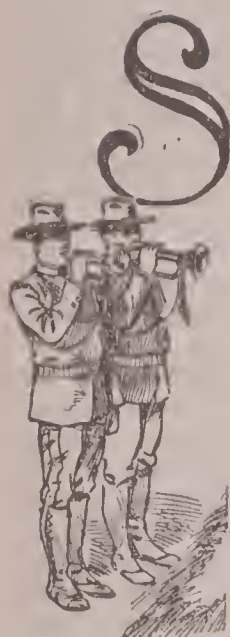
come into sight the sea sick recover and wash.

When the Rawlins runs into smooth weather and warm water and the sandy beaches and scraggy woods of Florida

in Havana flirting with the senoritas and dodging yellow fever. And after nearly five days of ocean travel the shores of Cuba rise comfortingly from the deep and the rookies enter upon a new life.

Our Army transport system, as it exists today, is practically a new thing. It is a natural result of expansion. Having islands to guard we must have ships in which to carry the guards, and arms and food and horses and tents and for the guards, leaving the commercial lines to carry missionaries and beer. Army transportation is a branch of the quartermaster's department, and though it is managed in Washington its active supervision is in New York and San

On Foreign Service



SOME troubles and some advantages that were not in the catalogue when he enlisted confront the American soldier, because of the acquisition of our new lands. He has wider opportunities for perspiration than he ever enjoyed before, and he becomes acquainted with new people, languages, geography and other improving things. He discovers new varieties of indigestion and intoxication, and has the loveliest chances to take yellow fever and get over it, and so be immune for

the rest of his life. Beside, he gets more pay and the missionaries chase him and insist on making him comfortable.

Yet you find him the same abroad as at home, patient, busy, rough, respectful, pleasure-loving, sturdy, profane and brave. And it is not the mere courage of battle that runs through the veins of this fine fellow; it is the steady, quiet courage that counts the cost. At Camp Columbla, a little out of Havana, they have been experimenting with yellow fever, to see if it is really due to the small, vicious Cuban mosquito, and so nearly as they can make out, it is. Men have slept in the clothes and bedding of fever patients and remained well, while others, in clean beds, who were not protected by mosquito nets, have taken the fever. Yellow jack is not as dangerous as it was, yet, it is not a thing to play with. There was a call for volunteers who would expose themselves to this fell disease. Was there any hesitation? "Why, sir," said the surgeon in charge, "you could hardly keep these fellows away with an ax. We could have had almost any man in this post."

"Is that enthusiasm for science?" I asked.

"Call it whatever you like. It is a fact," he answered.

The Spaniards were fatalists. When fever reached a camp the surgeons went through the expected forms, but said: "The men will die. It is written." The Americans do not report a man as dead until they have seen him buried, and his buoyancy, that comes of brighter thinking, wider views, better feeding and higher morals, quite possibly has

its part in the courage which he displays in putting himself into deadly danger.

WILL AMERICAN SOLDIERS RUN DOWN?

The question arises, whether in a term of years, the American would run down, morally or physically, in a run-down region. He might in a century or so, but government will probably guard against that possibility by frequently changing the foreign garrisons, so that no soldier will be required to serve in the tropics for more than a single term of enlistment. One swallow does not make a summer, though a whole glassful will raise the temperature, and we are not to infer, from the Neely and Sheridan cases, that Americans will lose their sense of honor when they are away from home. They will, however, take on some color from their surroundings and the problems ahead of the War Department largely concern the health of body and mind of the men who are serving with the colors abroad. Governor Gener-

POINTS ABOUT BARRACKS FOR THE TROPICS.

For moral and sanitary, as well as for political reasons, few of our soldiers are stationed in the cities, though they are within easy reach of them. In Cuba, where are found our most important camps outside of the Philippines, it is a disadvantage that we own no property. It might be fixed by allowing some disinterested patriot to buy a bit of real estate and give the use of it to our government. At present we are paying a rental of \$300 a month for the ground on which Camp Columbla stands. Being but seven miles from Havana the ground is valuable, and we have so slicked it up that it will be worth double what it was a couple of years ago. But for this insecurity of tenure buildings of a more permanent sort would be erected, although they make a surprisingly good appearance as it is. In a hot country the architecture will differ from



SANTA CRISTINA BARRACKS, MATANZAS—OLD SPANISH BUILDING.

al Wood believes that it is best to keep the men in the tropics.

"I don't think they will deteriorate in one generation," says he, "and it takes a little time to acclimate them. Allow two years of service to bring a soldier into the best condition. He will learn in that time to protect himself, and will become less and less susceptible to tropical diseases. The army has made a good showing in Cuba. There are no scandals, and the health is up to the best standard at home. The troops stand everything as well as the natives."

that of the cool states, and they who planned Camp Columbia did wisely to follow the Spanish in the matter of wide, airy structures, large windows and tile roofs, where such things could be used. Tropical barracks must stand well off from the ground to allow air and snakes to pass freely underneath, must have a plenty of doors and windows, double roofs, iron bedsteads and swearing rooms to which the men can retire and lock the door when they have had an encounter with a tarantula, a scorpion or a centipede. There are certain insects,

that shall be nameless, which infest the wood of the barracks and are so plentiful that it seems as if they lived on the wood itself. Nothing thus far discovered has made barracks bug proof.

CAMP COLUMBIA IS WELL SITUATED.

For situation it is hard to excel Camp Columbia. It stands on the ridge at well named Buen Vista, commanding a glorious outlook on the Gulf of Mexico. The purple waters shoal to turquoise at the beach, and lines of white roll back and forth along the shores, forever. The red roofs of a hamlet a mile or two away shine through palms and almond trees, and on the land side, where one finds miles of Spanish intrenchments, are a couple of sleepy villages, dominated by houses of some ancient consequence, but at present rusty and neglected.

AMERICANS REVERSE SPANISH WAYS.

We talk much of the advance made in the past century, but in no way is it better shown than in Camp Columbia. It is impressive, because only a ten-inch gunshot away are the crags of the harbor entrance, crowned by the Morro and the Cabanas, and these are types of works which are as obsolete as flint-lock muskets. Whatever the Americans are doing now is the opposite of what the Spaniards did before them. Into those vast and gloomy labyrinths not only were prisoners crowded, but garrisons. They lived in casemates and chambers like dungeons, seeking to escape heat by getting away from light and air. There was no sanitation, and when the Americans came into possession, the task of cleaning the quarters required weeks of time and the use of many

Columbia. It is im-

the hospital stewards, there is a young woman nurse with a smile that may delay recovery in some instances. Each patient has an allowance of forty cents a day, which is spent as the surgeons direct.

FEW DESERTIONS AT HAPPY CAMP COLUMBIA.

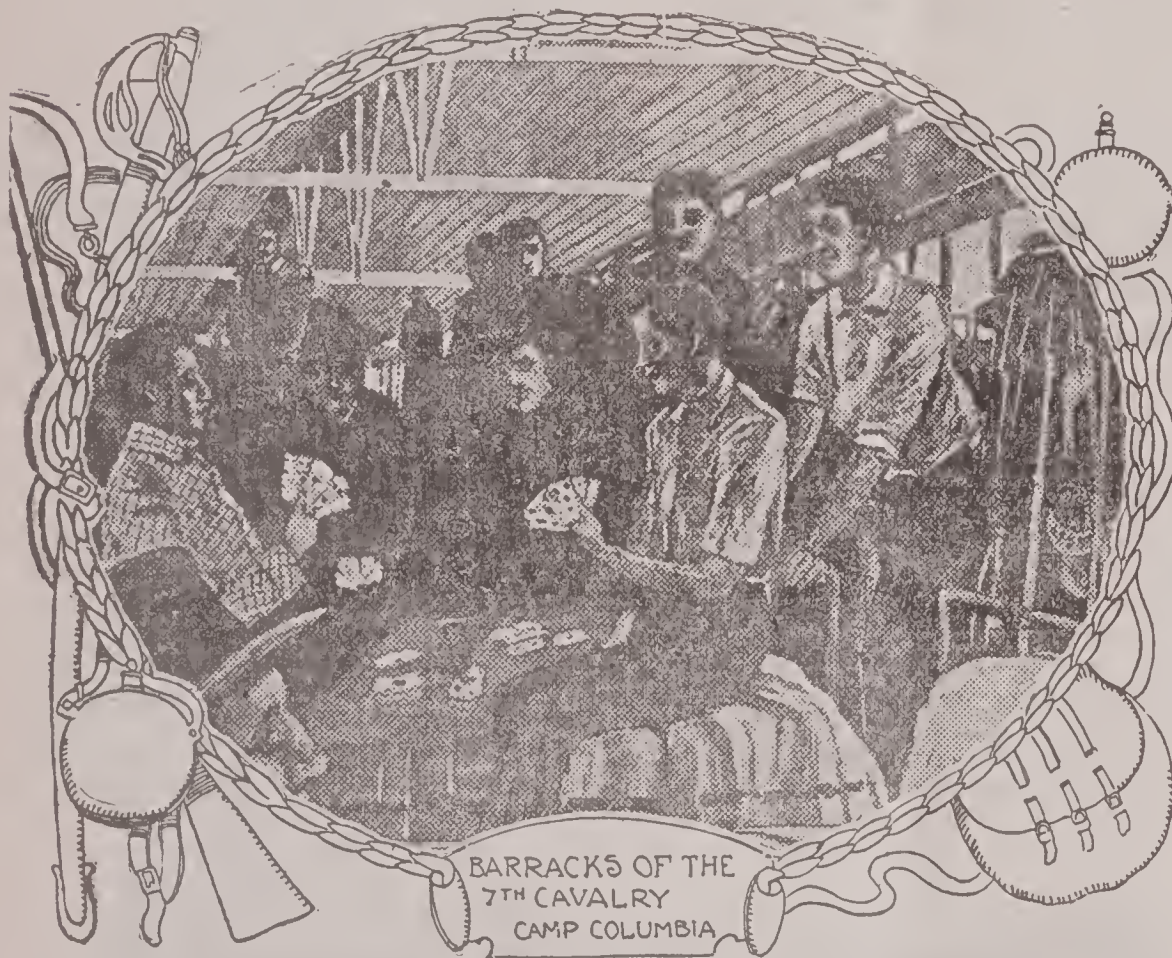
If the health of the troops is shown in this report, the discipline and satisfaction (which in this case appear together) are betokened in the infrequency of desertions. In three months there were but seventeen runaways. It is not so easy to get away from Cuba as it is from Chicago. Now that the canteen has been abolished there will be a great increase in desertions, and in crime and drunkenness. So long as the men could get beer in their own camp, they were content, but that last comfort being denied them, they haunt the wretched grogeries that spring up in the neighborhood of the posts, and in Cuba the liquor is especially bad. The cheap native rum (aguadiente) is a veritable poison. It sells for 10 cents a quart and is as near to plain alcohol as any liquor can be. It is peddled in every village, and the natives who enter camp on various pretexts (though they are supposed to be barred) often have a flask in their pockets which they will sell for enough to buy twice as much more. The Cubans use this stuff with moderation and never get drunk, but moderation, even in abstinence, is not an American characteristic, and after a short experience with this fire water, the soldier is a candidate for what he calls the "bug house," thereby meaning the insane asylum.

It is the misuse of liquor that makes his officers chary of giving much liberty to him. During the times of quarantine, when smallpox or yellow fever is abroad, no enlisted man is permitted to leave camp, and until lately the troops stationed near Havana were allowed in that city only between the hours of 8 A. M. and 4 P. M. If they were seen in the streets after 4 o'clock they were arrested by the police and their officers were notified. Indeed, the police were a trifle too officious, and would demand to see a soldier's pass, whenever they felt like it. One poor fellow who was trying to see the sights and was behaving in an exemplary manner, was arrested no less than three times in a single day, so that his day off was mostly a day in.

CUBAN POLICE MENACE HAVANA'S PEACE.

This arbitrary conduct of the police, and their fear of Americans, which has led them to cut and shoot because they believed their lives in danger from Yankee fists, has seriously threatened the peace of the island on one or two occasions, the worst outbreak occurring at Matanzas, where several hundred soldiers undertook to raid the jail and fight the police. The civil authorities were helpless, and the rioters were not subdued until their own comrades had been hurried into town and had driven them back to camp with loaded carbines. That is a kind of thing that could hardly occur in a home city, for its cause is in race difference, not to say race dislike. The Cuban police have no power to hold our soldiers for violations of ordinances and such offenses. Indeed, all soldiers arrested for other than capital crimes must be returned to the military authorities.

There is little doubt that this lack of power to cope with our men has embittered many of the Cubans toward the Americans, and there are, unfortunately, reckless and



BARRACKS OF THE
7TH CAVALRY
CAMP COLUMBIA

It is warm enough here, usually; no troop has ever turned out to drill with icicles hanging to its nose; but the breeze that straightens Old Glory on its staff is as full of vigor as it is of kindness, and while the climate makes men lazy it does not so completely wilt them as does a dog day in New York or St. Louis. The barracks are long, well built, wooden structures, with fire pails at the doors, and with sections of wall that swing on pivots, so that when they are open you have light and air a-plenty. There are ventilators under the ridge-pole, and corrugated iron roofs which were surely suggested by the tile roofs of the Spanish city near by. The kitchens and dining rooms are extensions of the barracks, each troop and battery having its own. Back from these are the sinks and bath houses, with abundance of pure water, and still in the rear are the stables and corrals, where horses munch their oats in patience and explosive mules show off to visitors. The hospitals are at a little distance from the camp, the yellow fever building about half a mile from headquarters.

cars. The filth of ages having been removed, the forts are practically abandoned, a mere handful of men being detailed for guard duty, in order to prevent the amazing tourist from pounding them to pieces and exhibiting the chunks of rock and plaster on his parlor mantel.

In some parts of Cuba the Spanish barracks are still used by American troops. That is the case in Matanzas and in a few of the many fortifications that line the lonely and otherwise unmarked shores near Havana. The barracks are of stone, their cement floors are easily kept clean, and they are not only durable and safe from fire, but cool. Where such quarters do not avail, the airy wooden structures are erected. It indicates the health among our troops when it is shown that of over 1,200 men at Camp Columbia but 2 per cent. are on the sick list, and kicking mules and too vehement foot ball are responsible for some of the entries. There are seldom more than thirty men in the hospital. An uncommonly tidy hospital it is, too, with an operating room furnished with all modern antiseptic appliances. Recoveries here are as rapid as in the states. and, in addition to

bullying fellows among our garrisons who treat the polite little natives with scorn and deride them as "spicketys," whatever that may mean. It is the rowdy soldiers who have made it hard for other Americans to get justice in West Indian courts. Immoral as they are, the Cubans and Porto Ricans are not used to violence, and the street brawls, which were common in the days of the vol-

a flood of letters in every mail asking if Johnny has been killed in battle, or deserted, or overeaten himself, or had any other awful thing happen to him. One colonel was so pestered by these beseechments that he went to the soldier whose neglect appeared to cause the most anxiety, and stood over him while he wrote a letter, made him seal, address, stamp and post it, and then



"ROOKIES" ON THEIR NEW MOUNTS, CAMP COLUMBIA.

unteer occupancy, left a bad impression on them. The regulars are better behaved, because they are better officered and are held more strictly accountable for misconduct. If the Cuban police, especially the rurales, or country constabulary, were to take on the dress and manner of our own peacemakers there might be less friction between them and our troops, but they are arrayed like soldiers, with pistols and long knives, and sometimes with rifles, as well as the usual clubs, and the having of a weapon is with many a temptation to use it.

One officer makes the bold assertion that all Cuban women are very good or very bad, and the very bad ones get the money of our soldiers. Vice flaunts itself in the towns with an openness that would startle and appal the people of the north, but the fact that it is licensed gives to the authorities a better hold upon it than it is possible to gain in our cities.

These affairs are unpleasant, but they seem to be inevitable, and they have pertained to the well or ill being of armies from time immemorial. We have never licensed vice in our Army. In some of the Latin countries a certain number of women are allowed to remain near the troops, even on marches, "for the good of the service." We have not yet come to that, but it is conceded that when on foreign service the soldier is less inclined to be a Sunday school scholar than he is at home. Like other folks, he takes on somewhat of the character of the people among whom he finds himself, and if only the Women's Christian Temperance Union could provide members of its own society for his company, our man at arms would lay aside his gun and go up and down the streets playing on a golden harp. But in Cuba he does not find the Union, and he does find evil resorts and places where men drink and play cards—for beans. The heat and the customs may soften him if he stays long, and he may learn to be sensible in his drinking, and not aggravate the heat of the tropics with aguadiente.

"MANYANA" FLOURISHES IN THE CAMPS.

The Anglo-Saxon seems to be the least flexible of temperaments, but in a new environment it may take on new forms. Already the manyana begins to flourish in the camps, and more than one man adopts as his rule of conduct the maxim, "Never do to-day what you can just as well put off till tomorrow." As a result, Johnny gets behind in his correspondence, and his colonel has

there was peace for two or three weeks. But while some of the men are heedless and many appear to have no family ties, others are constantly pining and honing for their friends and relatives. Homesickness is one of the most bothersome and stubborn of diseases. Men in the barracks actually die of it. Knowing this, the officers have to devise ways and means for getting rid of nostalgic cases by exaggerating injuries and infirmities to such a degree that the victim can be passed out and sent home by the surgeons. Every transport carries back to the States young fellows who appear to be in the soundest of health, but who show certificates that make them appear to be long sighted, near sighted, game legged, hollow chested, pigeon toed or wrong in some of their works. If they were not thus passed by the surgeons the chances are that they would contrive to steal discharge papers, fill them out, forge needed signatures, run the guard, swap their uniforms for the rusty raiment of some neighboring farmers, who would be tickled nearly to death at the chance to wear pretty clothes, make for the nearest seaport and ship as sailors or stowaways. When a man

counted to be a pretty good vacation, a first rate man may have two, and in a few instances he has secured even three. Some of the men never ask for a furlough. They are short of relatives at home, or their people live far away, or they best like the society of their own comrades. The officers are having an especially hard time just now, for the Army has too few captains and lieutenants, and many of them are doing the work of two men. One lieutenant at Camp Columbia commands a troop, acts as squadron adjutant and is in charge of both the post exchange and laundry.

Like the men, the officers receive a 10 per cent. increase in pay while on foreign service, but there is a general complaint that so far as Cuba is concerned this does not meet the increased expenditure. For some reasons, probably because the islands are farther from home and men are reluctant to go there, service in the Philippines is rewarded with a 20 per cent. advance. This is to cover certain extra expenses, such as increased laundering, frequent changes of clothing and the support of families in the home country. Although the Cubans sell to one another for sums that are surprisingly low, they are a thrifty lot when it comes to dealing with Americans, and many of their goods cost, to the soldier, double what the same articles cost in the states. So, in the matter of rents. When an officer is in a government post, quarters are assigned to him, for which he pays nothing, but on detached or foreign service he receives for the rent of a house \$24 a month. This would be enough for any usual house in a small, dull Spanish city, but the wily Cubans take advantage of the necessity of our officers and for an ordinary sort of residence will charge \$60 a month. The difference between \$24 and \$60 the officer must make up out of his own pocket, or else go out and sleep on the grass. As if this were not enough, the people sponge on the officers and men outrageously. The women go silently to the door of a barrack or an officer's house and stand there looking at the residents in a way to break their hearts. It takes months of practice before they can summon courage to say to these poor mendi-



SABER PRACTICE, CAMP COLUMBIA.

has set his mind on getting out of the Army he is not a very good soldier and he might as well go home.

FURLOUGHS FOR GOOD SOLDIERS.

There is a reward for good conduct in the shape of a furlough, which is usually granted at the end of the second year, or beginning of a second enlistment, and although a single month is ac-

cants, "Vamos!" and to see them wander away in silence, without feeling a mighty tug at their consciences. One can never tell which are the deserving cases and which the undeserving. Just after the American occupancy it was found that many Cubans who were applying for alms in ragged coats and skirts were well-to-do people who owned houses and plantations and had pots of money hidden in the ground. But the generous Americans did not bother to inquire. Many

of the officers supported a Cuban family apiece, and one colonel who undertook to provide sustenance for two families of paupers allowed nothing but the bare necessities of life to himself. If that sort of thing were usual foreign service would not be widely sought, even at a 50 per cent. advance in pay.

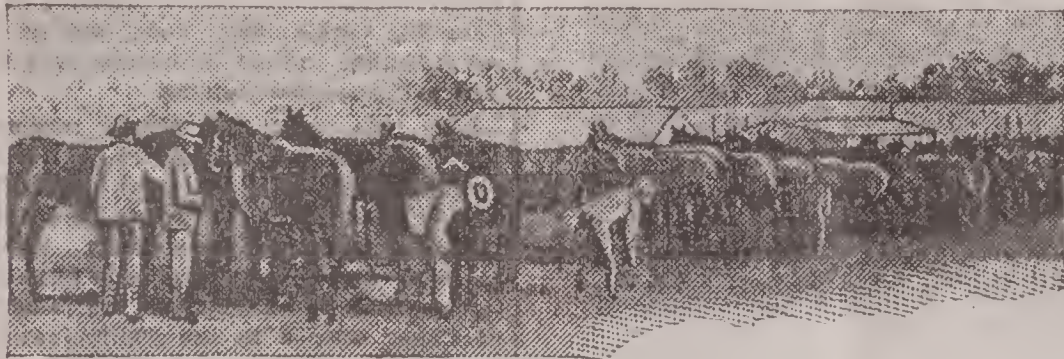
The work of our Army abroad is not easy,

canteen lasted the men had a pleasant club, where nothing but beer and sarsaparilla was served, and the earnings of the bar were \$9,000 a month. It yielded a return of from \$100 to \$150 a month to each troop—a sufficient sum to obtain many little extras for the table as well as to fit out the base ball and foot ball teams and buy a quantity of reading matter. Though the ration is ample, those

paper and stamps. It is open until 11 o'clock at night. There is a Temperance Union, with a meeting place of its own and 150 members, and although some of the old soldiers gibe at it and call the boys Parson and Deacon, this is not allowed and there is punishment for any fellow who makes sport of the faith or religious tendencies of his comrades. The Young Men's Christian Association also has a flourishing station here, with books and tables for reading and writing, and a piano, and here occasional services are held, or addresses made by roaming reformers. The post school is fairly attended, and the officers have a lyceum, in which they are obliged to study Spanish. Teachers are also found for such of the men as wish to speak the resonant language of the late owners of the island.

No essential changes are made in diet, on tropical service, but post gardens will be cultivated, and in time the men will learn to eat less meat and more fruit, rice and beans. This change will not be made suddenly, as it has been found that soldiers who tried to become Cubans in twenty-four hours have never succeeded. The dress has not been changed much, either, except that khaki is more worn than blue and the officers dress in white, with helmets. The common rig for hot weather is a chambray shirt, with khaki trousers. It does not look military, especially when it goes with a wilted campaign hat, but it is comfortable.

Already these lads in Uncle Sam's service are talking of investments in Cuban real estate and industries, and acquiring black-eyed wives and olive colored families; but one old cavalry sergeant shakes his head when he hears this talk. He quit the service and put several thousand dollars into a tobacco plantation. As soon as he had a fine crop ready for cutting all the native hands struck for fancy wages. His crop was ruined. So was he. Now he is in uniform again, poor but wise, and he believes that the United States will be good enough to work for, henceforth.



GROOMING HORSES, CAMP COLUMBIA.

though an effort is made to confine the exercise to the two ends of the day, so that the men can keep out of the hot sun at noon. The day's routine at Camp Columbia is this:

Reveille.....6 A. M.	Recruit drill recall. 11:00
Assembly.....6:15	Recall from fatigue 11:45
Mess call.....6:30	Dinner.....12:00
Sick call.....7:00	Fatigue call.....1 P. M.
Fatigue call.....7:10	Recall from fatigue. 3:30
Boots and saddles.. 7:30	Water and stable
Recall from drill.. 8:55	call.....3:45
Water call.....9:30	Supper.....5:00
Guard mount.....9:30	Retreat.....5:30
Pack drill.....10:15	Tattoo.....9:00
Mountain battery	Call to quarters.... 10:45
drill.....10:20	Taps.....11:00

On Sunday, church call sounds at 7:30 P. M., and on Saturday there is inspection at 8:20 A. M. and litter bearer drill at 11:15. The heaviest work is that of the long practice marches in the hot sun.

Much is done for the soldiers. They have an excellent post library, with magazines and papers, and, furthermore, each troop of cavalry has a little library of its own. While the

who want occasional change may have it in the post restaurant, where the cooking is good and prices are kept so low as barely to cover expenses. Steak and potatoes cost a quarter, pork chops 20 cents, ham and eggs 20, raw oysters 25, oyster stew 15, fried fish 20, plgs' feet 10, coffee 5 and jams, pickles, cigars and so on in proportion. Beer of the best brews was 25 cents a quart and 15 cents a pint.

There are two or three billiard tables, a good bowling alley and a dance hall, with 160 square feet of waxed floor, and canvas dressing and reception rooms at the sides. All festivities used to be paid for out of the earnings of the canteen, but now the men have to take a collection, though the expense of a dance is little enough, as lights are free and the band is that of the regiment, which plays for nothing. The reading room is free to all well behaved troopers, and there they find not only papers and books, but pens, ink,

The Hospital Service



NOBODY ever hears of "hospital gangrene" any more. That disappearance means a great deal. No longer ago than our Civil War there was a loss of many lives in the hospitals because of the unsanitary state of what should have been the best guarded institutions in the

country. The hospitals, to be sure, were the creations of a moment. They were established in private houses, churches, theaters, stables, even, as exigency demanded, and no degree of manual skill on the part of the surgeons guaranteed recovery after an operation. But that belongs to the

past. Hospital gangrene and a train of other evils are matters of history.

And in the advance in medical art no country has taken a more active share than ours, especially in the application of that art to the men who have suffered in our defense. It is no brag, but a serious matter of fact statement, that no country cares so well for its wounded soldiers as does our own. There are larger hospitals in Europe than in America, because there are larger armies, and they are kept busier than ours, but in appointments none compare with that, for example, in Hot Springs, Arkansas. The entire medical service, indeed, has been remarkably strengthened and much more is done for both well and ill than ever was done before. No post is without its hospital; no troops on the march but have their surgeon and hospital stewards; no transport sails from our shores, be it with

only a handful of recruits, but it has its ward, and men with green trimmings on their sleeves are waiting there to look after the passengers, even if they are in no greater affliction than sea sickness. In action the hospital corps is never far behind. The hospital staff must expose itself as fearlessly as the fighters, and must even venture into more dangerous places, for it has sometimes to enter a field from which the firing line has been retracted. These men of the hospital corps have their own drill, with litters, and in barracks or camp they are put through it at least every week. They have also to learn the knack of carrying a wounded man according to the nature of his injury—with three pairs of hands, with two, or with one pair, as the case may be. They must know something of first aid to the injured, must be quick with bandages and tourniquets, and must have a smilling acquaintance with drugs. This refers only

to the enlisted men who are in hospital service, for, of course, the Army surgeons know their calling already.

PRIVILEGES FOR HOSPITAL CORPS.

These men of the hospital corps receive special pay and privileges, and a young fellow who wishes to enter the Army and to avoid some of the rough work about the barracks and forts can enter this corps if he qualifies. Certain defects that would not be overlooked if he were to go into the ranks are passed when he is seeking enlistment for hospital service. His eyes, for example, need not be so keen as those of a soldier who is liable to be detailed for sharpshooting and must try with a Krag-Jorgensen to pick off a man a mile and more away. He is permitted to wear spectacles, which the private can seldom do, unless he has been for some years in the service and has secured a job about his post as mechanic, or printer, or what not. It would not do for a private to depend on his glasses. He might lose them from his nose in a rapid march or a fight and could not stop to pick them up again, yet without those aids to vision he would be almost useless on the firing line.

The hospital corps comprises 321 surgeons and 500 assistant or acting surgeons, most of whom are engaged by contract in or near the place where they are in service, and 200 other surgeons among the volunteers. The hospital stewards number 200 and they are helped by 350 acting hospital stewards and 3,800 privates. The government also em-

ployes 200 women as nurses. All of the men in the medical corps, wherever you find them, are regulars. It is not to be inferred from his name that the hospital steward is attached to a hospital. He may be tramping beside his regiment across the Arizona deserts or he may be floundering in Philippine swamps. It is his duty to look after the ill and wounded, and he takes the hospital with him. In camp it may be days or weeks before there is any general quarters for the sick. It was so in Chickamauga, where at first each regiment had its tent and the man brought in with a broken leg or pneumonia was put on the bare ground with a blanket for a bed—and he usually got well. Weeks passed before a building was secured as a shelter.

Government maintains only four large general hospitals for the Army at home. The largest of these is at Presidio, Cal., but it happens to be largest merely because men returning from the Philippines are received there. There is another at Washington barracks, at the national capital; a third at Fort Bayard, N. M., and the most perfectly equipped is at Hot Springs. This latter is, in situation and appliances, a model institution. It is one in which the government can take a pride and in which the patients take comfort. There are accommodations for 150 and about 400 cases are treated every year.

PICTURESQUE SPOT, FOR SICK SOLDIERS.

The town of Hot Springs is a straggling place that occupies the bottom of a rift between hills two

or three hundred feet high, and possibly a couple of thousand feet above sea level—the Ozarks, they are called. It is a democratic little city, where swell society jostles gamblers, and where the cry of the fakir and the crack of the rifle at the shooting gallery next door to the shops suggest Coney Island. Gambling houses are wide open at times, and strangers are welcome to stroll in at any of the so-called clubs and see young fools squander their earnings, or their stealings, at faro, keno, roulette and poker. One quarter, known as Happy Hollow, is the midway of the district, but the worst is found near the business center of the town. Arkansas has licensed this sort of thing, and the results appear to be no more evil than in New York where keepers of the resorts pay for immunity in the form of blackmail to the police captains, instead of to the state. The Arkansas settlement is a picturesque and pleasant place, with a mild climate, an air made sweet by exhalations from pines that clothe the mountains far and near, with walks and drives into the tortuous valleys where glittering crystals of quartz may be gathered, and with charming outlooks from the heights across the unpeopled hills and river-ways.

There would have been no town here, if it had not been for the discovery of the springs, that gush from more than half a hundred caves in a mountain of novaculite, on the spur of which the hospital stands. These springs were long known to the Indians, but nobody took any interest in them until within recent years. Foresceing their ultimate popu-



larity, and possible use, government in 1833 set aside four sections of land, the center being the Big Iron spring, now called the "Hoke Smith fountain." Government retained as much of the land as was worth keeping, for the hot water all flows from a ten acre tract, and sold the rest to the shop keepers and saloon men and gamblers across the street. No adequate survey was made until 1875, when a number of squatters were found and ejected, and there was a sale of considerable property in the year following. Of the land which has been retained the Interior Department gave ten acres to the War Department for the erection of the hospital, and it spends about \$5,000 a year above the cost of maintenance, in laying off roads and improving the grounds. The income to government for the use of hot water is \$20,000 a year, derived from a tax of \$30 on every tub in the place. Of course the War Department pays nothing, but every keeper of a hotel and bath house, who has established himself on ground leased from government, roasts the visitor's wallet as the negro shampooers boil his rheumatic legs in the spring water. Government keeps two policemen on the reservation, one for day and the other for night duty, and it has gardeners, foresters and water men, about twenty employees of that sort altogether.

ORDERS ARE ACTUALLY OBEYED.

On one side of the main street it is the United States, and on the other it is Arkansas, and with due respect to the state, the United States are the

because they contain sulphur or some other disagreeable material, but that is not the case. There are traces of lime and silica, but not enough of any mineral to affect the skins of the bathers or the stomachs of the drinkers. The water is warmed by the internal heat of the earth and is just as effective in disease as water boiled over the kitchen range. The reason that it cures in cases where the water from a kitchen might not, is that the patients resign themselves to treatment and pay attention to diet and try to rest and sleep and do as many physicians tell them. Were they to be as tractable at home as they are at the springs they would recover from their various difficulties as quickly and with less expense—for the people who lease water from government and sell meals and sleeping accommodations are not doing those things for their health. It has been given out that the hot springs of Arkansas were of especial value in cases of syphilis and other forms of blood poisoning, but such is not the case. They are of not the slightest value in such cases—or at least, of no more value than any warm water used with a proper allowance of soap in anybody's bath tub. And it is significant of this fact that these objectionable cases are not received at the army hospital.

ATTRACTIVE FOR PATIENTS AND DOCTORS

This building is a rambling construction of brick with stone trimmings, which covers a little buttress of Hot Springs Mountain, and is divided into several wings for convenient access of light and air. It is the

tration building, there are four wards, suggesting ecclesiastic rather than secular occupancy. Each of these is 127 feet long, 28 feet wide and 27 feet high. They are warmed by steam and lighted by windows placed somewhat higher than usual, so that, while there is abundant light, there is no glare of the sun in the eyes of patients. The beds are the usual iron cots, and in busy seasons it is necessary to put thirty into each ward, or even more. Owing to its high windows and arched roof, there is an effect of airiness and space, no matter how many patients the ward may contain. The ceilings in the separate rooms are usually of metal, and much of the woodwork is waxed. There is a sun parlor with palms and plants, and what with good food and careful nursing the fellow who has just been roughing it on the plains or dodging bullets in the Luzon jungles must think that he has reached a little heaven.

The general army hospital is the only military station in the country that is not in charge of a soldier of the line. It is better so, as there can be no clash of authority. There is no more reason why a colonel should command a battalion of sick men than there is for putting a battalion of healthy ones in charge of a surgeon. Conflict is inevitable where a layman has sway over a man of science in the latter's own field. There never was a reason, for instance, for putting the astronomical observatory in Washington in charge of a naval officer, who knows a lot more about guns and boilers and plates and engines than he ever will know about stars. The surgeon in charge of the general hospital, and who ranks as major, has all his own way, and the authorities in Washington are good to him and give him everything in reason that he asks for.

HOSPITAL IS QUITE UP TO DATE.

Since the war in the East began to increase the number of patients, extensive additions and repairs have been made, the piazzas have been inclosed in glass, hot and cold water have been introduced in various rooms, clothing lockers and passenger elevators have been installed, the roof has been covered with slate, a detached kitchen has been furnished with a three tiered oven, kneading machine, coffee mills, dish washing machine, and the reservoirs on the hill, which contain water pumped from the hot springs, have been enlarged. One of these tanks contains 150,000 gallons, and two lesser ones hold 25,000 more. As 95 per cent. of the patients take baths, there are many tubs in the rooms set apart for that function, and each room is partitioned by waved glass plates.

There can be little complaint as to diet. Here, for example, is the bill of fare for a single day:

Breakfast: Pork chops, fried potatoes, bread and butter, coffee.

Dinner: Vegetable soup, roast beef, browned potatoes, peas, bread.

Supper: Bread and butter, stewed fruit, tea.

Roast turkey, steak, ham, bacon, pork and beans, sausage, fish, oysters, eggs, oatmeal, tomatoes, macaroni, cheese and fruit are of frequent appearance. The enlisted man hasn't a penny to pay for all this, nor for his medicines or nursing. The officer, however, being in receipt of larger wages, must pay for his board. He has a room, attendance and free prescriptions, but he pays for the same meals that are provided without charge to the enlisted soldiers and sailors; or, if he likes, he can take his meals at a hotel outside, or have them sent to him.

The cures at this hospital number 60 per



A MODEL WARD,
ARMY AND NAVY HOSPITAL,
AT HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

better. One thing that the visitor notices is the command on the American side not to spit on the walks or to make exhibitions of gargling and mouth rinsing and eye washing in and near the springs. And the remarkable result is that these orders are obeyed.

Faith cure has contributed largely to the success of the hydropathic treatment, although there is no doubt that the water has been a good thing for many of the people who go there to use it. You can see with half an eye that they need water. It is a common belief that the springs are efficacious

only hospital in this country or any other that occupies a position near medicinal waters. Towers and gables, trophy guns and a growth of ivy on the walls give picturesqueness to the outer view, and the interior is a delight to the medical man by reason of its ample rooms, its hard wood finish, its painted walls, its use of tile, metal and cement, where such fireproof and microbe proof materials are available, its plentiful sunlight by day and gaslight at night, and its admirable cleanliness, quiet and cheer.

Beside the officers' rooms, in the adminis-

cent.—that is, 60 per cent. are returned to duty. Deaths are few, but it often happens that as a result of wounds or long standing disease the soldier or sailor—for there are a few men here from the navy—is unable to resume active employment, and secures a discharge, or is admitted to the Soldiers' Home. The good showing made in this institution is not a result of cool, pure air, quiet, good

were interfered with there was a rush for the nearest newspaper and columns of criticism and abuse were vented upon the hard working and conscientious men who had the health of the army as their object in life.

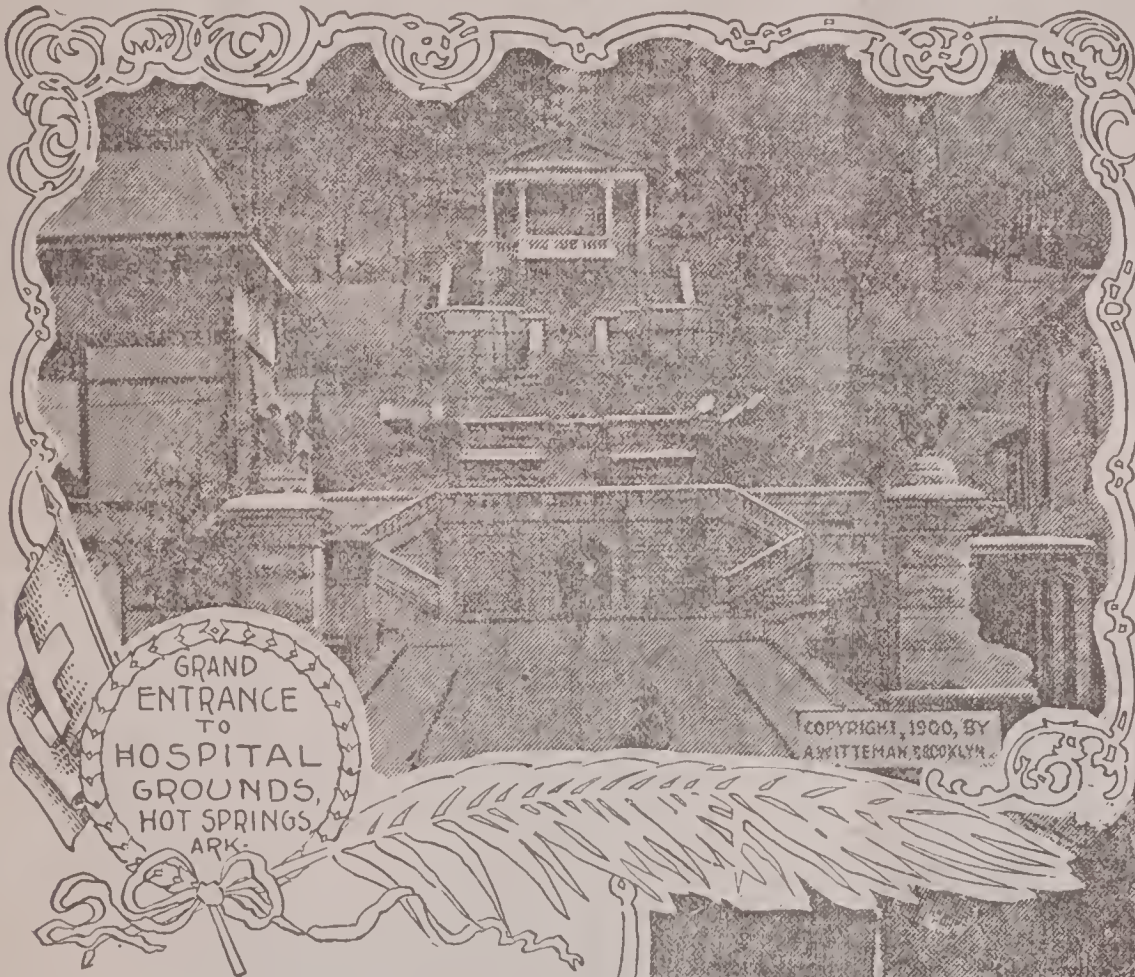
There was a deal of this amateur doctoring and nursing and meddling in South Africa last year, also, and the women, who were mostly fashionable folk from London and

his fevered brow and leaves there a trace of violet? Not much, he isn't. He will hide his brow under the bedclothes and scour it with the blanket or his knuckles until he has it crimson with fever, so that it will need a deal of smoothing and cooling. And even if he does not get the fever back by mechanical means, how can he ever be well with the gnawing pains of a new and worse than yellow fever or typhoid or any other kind at his heart, where he cannot get at it with medicine? And then, the agony of seeing every other fellow in the ward getting the same attention from the same angel! No; it doesn't do. Nurses should be middle aged and not too lovely.

ARKANSAS GROG DELAYS RECOVERY.

The thing that troubles the authorities at the hospital in Hot

Springs is not the good women so much as the other kind. Yet there is not so very much of vice there either. Invalids do not need so close a watch when they take the air as some other people do. But the invalids, being weak, do suffer themselves to be beguiled by a thirst for other waters than those that gush so copiously from the springs. With groggeries a hundred feet away, and the sight of citizens going into



nursing and wholesome food, altogether. It is the result of military control. Better results can always be secured in an army or navy hospital than in a private sanitarium, because the patients have learned to obey. They take baths and doses as they have learned at other times to go through the manual of arms and the setting-up exercise. What the surgeon in charge tells them to do, that he is reasonably sure they will do; for he can rely on his hospital stewards—of whom there are twenty-one at Hot Springs, beside a couple of contract or assistant surgeons.

WOMEN NURSES MUCH ESTEEMED.

There are no women nurses at Hot Springs, but there are in certain other hospitals, and they are much esteemed. They show qualities of patience, obedience and courage like those of the soldiers themselves, with a tenderness and sympathy that no creature of the rude sex can even simulate. During the Spanish war women nurses were held in terror in some quarters, because they had not been trained to their work. They were mothers and sisters of the wounded men and their first business was to quarrel with the surgeons, each insisting that her son or brother should have the most and the best, and each thus pitting herself against the authorities. If a whim could not be gratified there were hysterics and scenes, as destructive to the order and well being of a home for the ill and injured as ignorance and neglect. Some women would bring impossible foods to the men and insist that they be allowed to eat them, because the men had taken a sick fancy to some indigestible article, and it was sometimes hard to prevent the smuggling of cold Welsh rabbits to typhoid patients. When these philanthropies



knew no more about nursing than they knew about the application of screens to electro-ballistic measurements, had in some instances to be rather rudely sent away. Now this difficulty is over in our own army, and the nurses are not the women who flutter and scream and have nerves and give them to other people. They are quiet, reserved, cheerful and competent. There is no danger that they will make wrong reports of temperatures or give carbolic acid instead of quinine. But, behold a strange difficulty! There is danger that they may be too good looking! The nurse is supposed to help a sufferer to get well. Is the sufferer going to get well in any hurry when the angel who bends over him as she drops pills and thermometers into his mouth or feeds pap into that cavity with a spoon, is putting his soul in a whirl with a pair of tender, liquid eyes and a rosy smile and a voice like the passing of the breeze across an aeolian harp? Is he going to get well when this exquisite creature stops at his bedside and passes a lily hand across

them and wiping the froth of Arkansas whisky out of their whiskers as they come out, the patients in the hospital can hardly endure it. The first day when they are strong enough to take a walk they go over to one of those forbidden and abhorrent places and seek that which stingeth like an adder and return at evening covered with stings and whooping with joy. That means that they must go to bed again and be cared for—a matter that gives them little concern, for they are willing to make their home here as long as government is willing to keep them. Be it understood, however, that while the patients as a class are more than content, there is little or no malingering. No man is discharged until it is quite time that he should be.

An officer remarked, apropos of the difficulties of keeping the men and their liquor in different apartments: "I wish we had a canteen here. It would save a lot of trouble. For then the men could get beer in moderation instead of whisky in immodera-

tion. They will get liquor when they have liberty and they get it anyhow. Strangers bring it into the grounds and sell it to the men who are sitting out there on the benches. This is government property and everybody has a right to walk through it. We can't stop every person who enters this park and search him to see whether or not he has a flask in his pocket or force him to tell whether he is keeping the flask for his own use or some one else's." There are not many cases of out-and-out drunkenness, but there are cases that do not call for the exhibition of alcohol.

Most of the present occupants of the hospital are men from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Marked consideration is shown to them, for they are retained in service on full pay for months together. While the place is intended for regulars, Civil War veterans are admitted on payment of 40 cents a day for subsistence—an amount that, in various instances, is subscribed by friends

or by Grand Army posts. The cases are malarial, chiefly, but there are many instances of dysentery and rheumatism. For the latter disease the hot waters are supposed to be especially efficacious. The usual thing to do at the hotels is to soak in them and have a negro attendant rub you down. Then you go to breakfast and forget business and trouble and ride and walk over the pleasant hills and pretty soon you haven't much rheumatism and you say it is the spring water that did it. Very well. Spring water is as good as anything else.

There is no doubt that in the army hospital the cures are facilitated by the brightness and cheer that are everywhere about the soldier. The diningroom is a big, airy, sunny place, there are smoking rooms for such as use tobacco, as most soldiers do, there is abundance of reading matter in the wards, the views from the windows are pleasant, there are flowers and palms and ornamental plants in the grounds, there is a

ready access for friends and respectable visitors. Though designed for medical, rather than surgical, cases and equipped with an excellent dispensary and a bacteriological laboratory, there is a model operating room, with floors and walls of concrete and enamel, easily flushed out and drained, with none but rounded corners, so that microbes have no lodgment, with hot and cold water set flowing by foot levers, in order that the surgeon need not touch any instrument or article until his hands are clean after an operation, with every arrangement for washing and sterilizing; in brief, a surgery that conforms to all accepted theories and practices in the art that began so rudely when Ambrose Pare performed the first battlefield amputation and tied the arteries and when he stopped the practice of pouring hot oil into gunshot wounds and used a simple bandage instead. This was a little over 300 years ago, but the improvements in medicine since that time make it seem 3,000.

Homes for Old Soldiers



EVERY enlisted man in the United States Army pays 12½ cents a month toward his support when he shall arrive at the age of discretion and retirement. There comes a time, after he has been in the business of war for several years, when

he is too near-sighted and stiff in his joints and slow in his digestion and drowsy on sentry go, and if he is not by that time rich enough to leave the profession of arms and take on a gentlemanly leisure elsewhere, he is free to enter the Soldiers' Home. Sometimes he does not like to do this, because it seems like a confession of age. But in war time no such imputation holds. There are men now in the home who are in their twenties, and they have seen precious little fighting at that. They had the good or ill luck to get a bullet through a leg or a lung, and here they are with the bronze of Philippine suns still on their faces, stumping about the beautiful park on crutches, and with nothing under the heavens to do but eat and sleep.

Our Civil War volunteers are almost extravagantly supplied with homes, but the regular soldier has only one, and that is just north of Washington on the hill which commands the city, and has a famous peep at the dome that incloses a seething mass of Congressional wisdom every winter. The home itself comprises several halls, named after generals and dominated by a marble building with a Norman clock tower. Near it are the usual shops and kitchens and stables, a trim little library, and a solidly built theater and concert hall. A model stable is provided for the horses, and, far enough away to insure

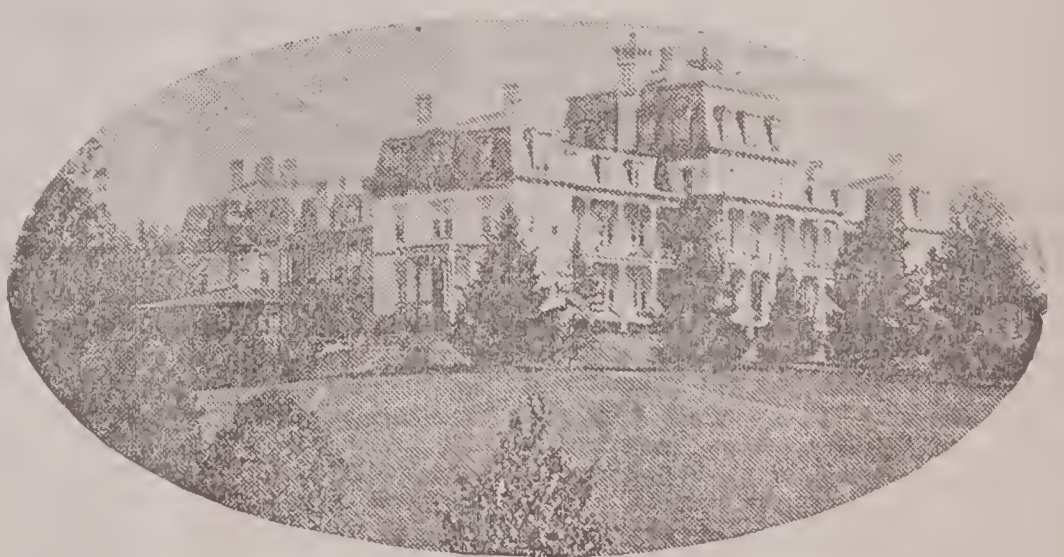
the quiet of the patients, is the hospital. The grounds, occupying 500 acres, have been laid out by landscape gardeners with winding paths and drives and ornate gates, and the inmates of the place, unless they are "on the limits" for misbehavior, have the freedom of this broad domain, as well as liberty to ramble abroad at their humor. Here will generally be found 860 veterans, and there is room for another hundred in the buildings already constructed. Should there be any considerable increase it will be easy enough

surgeon and a treasurer, and there are no meddling boards and trustees to make them uncomfortable and insecure.

OLD SOLDIERS HAVE NO CARES.

There are people who are in a far worse state than these old soldiers.

They have not a thing to fret about—no rent, no grocer or butcher or baker or milkman or coal dealer or druggist to pay, no dressmaker to worry them with misfits, and, indeed,



BARNES HOSPITAL, SOLDIERS' HOME, AT WASHINGTON.

to put up more buildings. There need be no clamor over this possibility, however, because the home is operated without a penny of expense to government. The \$1.50 a year paid by each enlisted man, together with the fines that he pays from time to time for overstaying leave, drowning his sorrows or shirking his drill, and the pay forfeited by deserters, and unclaimed by heirs of dead soldiers, cover all expense of its operation. Government merely approves and supervises. The place is officered by a governor, a deputy governor, a

nothing to cause suffering, except the long tramps one has to take to get his liquor. As some of the old men tell you, with a wink, there are speak-easies not far away, but they do not keep very good whisky, and, beside, they have to move every little while. There is a law forbidding saloons within one mile of the reservation and there is no canteen on the premises. Whether or not these restraints have anything to do with the conduct and appearances, the men are a better and soberer company than those in the bigger

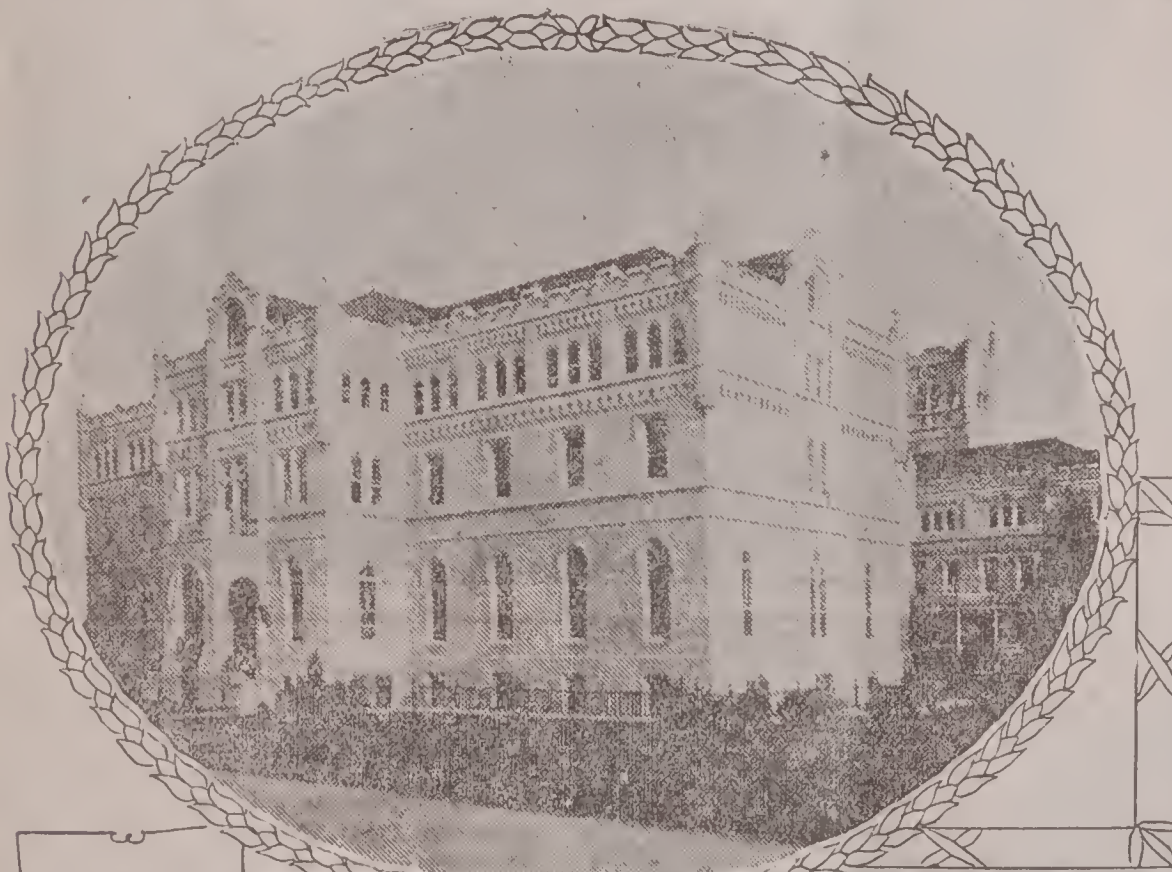
homes of the volunteers. Something, to be sure, is due to their longer and stricter discipline and to the more careful pick of men for the regular Army, but the local rule also appears more steady and the inmates do not impress the visitor as other than soldiers who have arrived at an inactive age. If one arrives at a volunteer home on pension day, or views the hundreds of men wandering from one groggery to another in its shabby purlieus, he is reminded of an almshouse. There is no maintenance of Army drill at the national home. Sometimes the old men turn out for parades, but not often. They have a battery that welcomes distinguished arrivals; the bugle calls to rise, eat, sleep; and the morning and evening gun is fired,

where, in that there is no persistence of the barrack system. In the larger homes the quarters are long rooms containing from twenty to fifty beds. In the home at Washington the men are in rooms that have only five or six beds. These rooms are entirely bare, except for the beds and the chests that each man keeps for his clothing and effects; there are no prints, pictures, calendars or any such matters; but there are sanitary reasons for this. The curious rule that nobody may bring flowers to the soldiers is rather a measure of protection for flowers cultivated on the grounds than a deprivation to the men, although bouquets might be kept in a room by one man so long that they would be a good deal of a sorrow to his partners.

shows there are games—billiards, pool, bagatelle, chess, checkers, backgammon, cards, dominoes, quoits and recently golf. It has been proposed to install a small zoological garden in the park or at least to place some deer in the grounds. Two hundred and fifty is the daily average of visitors to the library and about 300 books are always out. The year's reading shows an average of 15 books to each man—fiction and history, mostly. The library has about 7,500 volumes and in the reading room are found 17 periodicals and 33 papers.

The makeup of the Army has been undergoing a change. Before the Spanish War it was largely composed of Irish and Germans; hence it is not surprising to discover here a predominance of foreigners. The Americans, indeed, number barely half of the population. The men are younger than those in the volunteer homes by an average of seven years, the general age being 56 years. A large majority of the inmates are pensioners, but there are beneficiaries who live elsewhere and draw outdoor relief, as it is called, the maximum of this allowance being \$8 a month. This is not granted to retired soldiers nor to pensioners whose incomes equal or exceed \$8. Unhappy exceptions who do not draw pensions have an allowance of \$1 a month as pocket money.

Two hundred of the veterans served under



SHERMAN BUILDING, SOLDIERS' HOME AT WASHINGTON.

but no man handles a rifle or walks a beat as sentinel. There are certain non-commissioned officers, who do needed clerical work and exercise supervision over the establishment, and they draw for these services from \$5 to \$50 a month. Nearly all work done about the home and grounds—gardening, carpentry, cooking, care of the horses, and so on—is intrusted to the veterans, whose pay for such services will average but 25 cents a day, and when one of them has been kicking over the traces and visiting forbidden places he is made to work at day laborer tasks without compensation. In addition to these earnings, five-sixths of the men are pensioners, but no man receiving enough to live outside is admitted to the benefits of the home. If a veteran does not like it, he is at liberty to leave and, if he doesn't like his new place, he can change his mind and return to the well filled tables at the home.

There is admirable cleanliness and order at the Washington home, and the health averages good, considering that the men have aged in hard service and in many instances have suffered from wounds and illness. There is one funeral every four or five days in the cemetery outside of the grounds, and the hospital never lacks for patients, yet there is a prevalence of cheer. The arrangement of quarters differs from that in the great establishments at Dayton, Hampton and else-

Soldiers who are seriously inclined may attend either Protestant or Catholic service in a pretty chapel, and on certain afternoons the post band, which has some gray headed musicians in it, but is more largely made up of performers who are not inmates of the institution, gives a free concert in the theater.

NO LACK OF AMUSEMENTS

In this place also amateurs from town occasionally give plays or operettas for the supposed consolation of the veterans and if a philanthropist feels impelled to lecture for their benefit he is often permitted to do so, but there is no law compelling an attendance. There are no receipts from these entertainments; hence there is a slight outlay for lighting and sundries, but in a whole year this expense was within \$400. Beside these



ANDERSON BUILDING (ON THE LEFT) AND SCOTT BUILDING, WASHINGTON SOLDIERS' HOME.

Scott—the founder of the Home—in Mexico, but most of these are recipients of outdoor relief. If a soldier so elects he may not receive his pension at all, but can assign it to his parent, wife or child. Almost the only breaches of discipline are those of drinking too much and overstaying leave, but over 80 per cent. of the men present a clean record. They are, as a rule, well and cleanly dressed, though they receive a limited allowance of clothing. Cast off garments are given to tramps, who show up at the Home as they do in all other parts of the land, and are hospitably received. Over 10,000 meals were given last year to "transients." It is understood, however, that most of these transients are ex-soldiers. No officer is admitted to this institution. If he has served long and well he has his retiring allowance, which enables him to live in a home of his

own. Enlisted men only are eligible for admission here, and they must have seen twenty years' service, or have been disabled by wounds, injuries or disease incurred in duty. A soldier who served only in volunteer organizations cannot be received. The plan of this Home is similar to that in Chelsea, London, but it is larger and has more inmates, while it is maintained at a smaller tax on the soldier. Thomas Atkins used to be mulcted a shilling in the pound to support his home, but, instead of giving a twentieth of his wage, the American soldier gives less than a hundredth, even if he is a first term private, while if he is a non-commissioned officer, his contribution is the veriest trifle. Paris has her famous Hotel des Invalides, built for a larger company than we find in Washington, but containing fewer men. They are housed in a more spectacular fashion, and their hospital is of world wide note, while the average American knows little of the haven in Washington. The British army has an asylum in Kilmainham, near Dublin, there is a similar institution in Berlin for old soldiers, and in other countries there are lesser homes; but in none of them

employment, rather than from patriotic motives, and some of them fell into bad habits during the thirty years that elapsed between the end of their soldiering and their admission to the home. The nation is generous, and so are the states. There are twenty-six homes maintained by the states, though government allows to them \$100 a year for each inmate, and there are the larger establishments at Dayton, O.; Hampton, Va.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Augusta, Me.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Danville, Ill., and Marion, Ind. These larger institutions, supported by the general government, are known as homes for disabled volunteer soldiers. Regulars are not admitted to them, unless

drops had been given to him in one of the saloons, and that while he was under their influence a thief stole \$130. "That's what I had," he said, "when I went over to get drunk, and I had it in bands around me legs, where they couldn't see it and get it—but they got it. I made a fuss, and finally the police come and give me back \$40 of it, and my watch; but that was all. I think one of the police got \$20. When we go and tell the governor about it, he says, 'Well, what business had you to go to a place like that?' Oh, he's a good, easy man, the governor is, and he hardly ever puts us on the limits, unless we misbehave considerable."



LIBRARY AND MARBLE HALL, NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

is the veteran better cared for than in the home of the American regular.

VOLUNTEERS ARE DAMNED HUMBAG. IN THE UNITED STATES," WAS THE

unexpected remark of a volunteer who is spending his declining years in the Soldiers' Home, in Dayton, O. By this he did not intend to cast discredit on the conduct of the place, but on his comrades. He declared that hundreds of them had never seen service that amounted to anything, and that they were simply a "lot of old bums." This is a strong statement, not made for publication, nor accompanied by a guarantee of good faith. The difference between the home of the regular and the home of the volunteer is, nevertheless, striking. It will be remembered that while the regular is a finished product, and has been drilled into shape by twenty years of hard service, there are many volunteers in the homes who hardly saw as many days of actual work during the Civil War. Some of them enlisted because they were out of

they have also been volunteers, or unless there should chance to be no room for them in the establishment at Washington.

As you approach these larger homes by day you are sure to meet men in dowdy uniforms of blue, cut with utmost simplicity and worn with any sort of hat or cap. The chances are that some of these estrays are under the influence of liquor, and that an astonishing array of cheap saloons presents itself just outside of the reservation. In Dayton, where the buildings are the largest and the ground the most attractive, the veteran has farther to go than in some of the other instances, but at Hampton an astonishing little town called Phoebus has sprung up almost at the gates, and is supported, it would seem, entirely on the money that the old soldiers spend in drink. There are sixty-five saloons in the village—one to every thirty of its inhabitants—and there are black-legs who haunt the grogeries and imperil property that the veteran is forgetful enough to carry with him. One of the inmates complained, the other morning, that knockout



IN THE DINING ROOM, NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

HAMPTON'S ODD HISTORY.

Though Dayton has the larger, Hampton has the better known of these volunteer homes.

It was founded as a home for negro soldiers after the Civil War—negro soldiers, and on the sacred soil of Virginia!—but afterward became a sanitarium for soldiers of all sorts, for the air of Hampton is said to be an especially choice product, the seasons are mild, and there is bathing. The accessions of buildings have been rather haphazard; there is no defined plan in their grouping, and no architectural harmony. The main building is absurdly high, for old men should not be compelled to climb four flights of stairs, especially when there are acres and acres of ground to spread in, and is topped with a dome, possibly suggested by that of the Invalides in Paris. The grounds are well kept and there is a pleasant walk along the sea edge, looking over the water where the Monitor fought the Merrimac and changed naval war for all future time. And land war, too, as the invention of the Gruson turrets seems to show.

In the rear of the grounds, where a sluggish creek divides the property from that of the useful and excellent school for Negroes and Indians, is a row of the oddest ramshackle cabins imaginable. These were built by the men, some of whom were carpenters and most others not, and are boat houses and fishing stations where they can potter over lines and bait and smoke their pipes alone. The shacks do not add to the beauty of the estate, but they heighten the picturesqueness. One elderly man who was bobbing for eels in a spot that did not look as if it had ever been visited by an eel—much as fisherman dangle strings in the Seine in Paris, not from hope, but habit—allowed that there wasn't much chance of catching anything, but then one had to do something, once

in a while. "I don't like this life much," he declared, "but there's a lot of 'em it agrees with, fust rate. Their constitutions enable 'em to endure a good deal of rest. Yes, it's pleasant not to have to think about your rent and things, but—I don't know. They feed us fair—pretty fair—and dress us middlin'—pretty middlin'—and we have a good bed—tolerable good bed—and they give us money which nine-tenths of 'em get drunk on. Look

quarrels are settled without referring them to the authorities, and this practise is encouraged. As might be expected, all types are represented, from the dignified and intelligent gentleman to the loafer. This home is open alike to officers and men. There are brigadier generals eating and sleeping side by side with privates. No distinctions are observed or permitted, save that the officer of the day is known by his red sash and

cers: the governor, treasurer, quartermaster, commissary, chaplain, surgeon and four assistant surgeons, who are generally old Army men, and an engineer and chief clerk, are civilian appointees. There is seldom any friction between the officials and the inmates, except when the latter have been tarrying too long over the cups in Phoebus, and then the methods are summary. There is a court in the police station every afternoon, the governor being judge and jury, and the policemen the usual witnesses. The examination takes a form like this:

"John Jones, you are charged with refusing to stay in line at the canteen, and striking an officer. What have you to say?"

"Well, I guess I was a little forgetful, but next time——"

"Next time won't come around again for four months."

"But, sir——"

"Four months without canteen privileges. Next case. Ah, here again, are you Smith? What have you been doing this time? The officer says you were nolsy and troublesome at the hotel yesterday. How is that?"

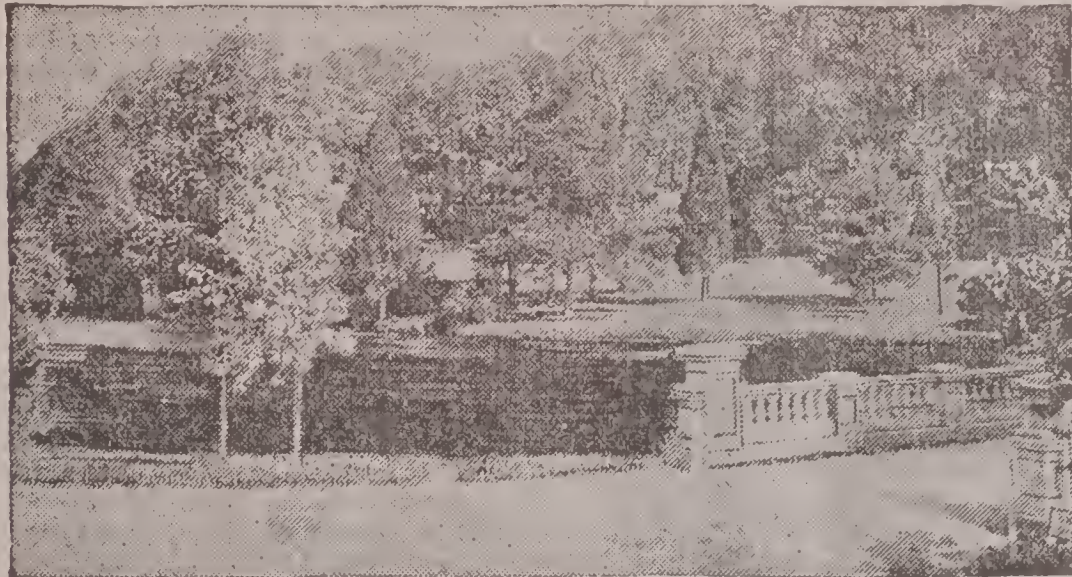
"No, sir. I just went in to get a sandwich and a bottle of beer and Rafferty, over there, give me a hit in the back. Naturally I hit him, just like any one would."

"I'm afraid you were not sober, Smith."

"As sober as I am this minute."

"Well, that isn't saying a good deal. You look as if you had half a keg of beer in you still. I guess we'll have to say three months on the limits."

After a few rapid trials of this kind an officer summons all who wish to see the governor, to make requests or complaints, and court is over for the day. If you follow the crowd you will discover that some hundreds wend toward a large building, rather low as to its roof, and they gather just outside and chat. If it is pension day, dozens of fakirs will mix with the crowd, peddling cheap trinkets, gimcracks, pies, oranges, peanuts, or drawing the most awful portraits at a quarter apiece and commending them to the men as objects that will be treasured by their relatives so long as they live.



LOWER POND ON THE GROUNDS OF THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

at 'em over there! See them gin mills? One every second door along that street. If it wasn't for the pensions there wouldn't be one of 'em there."

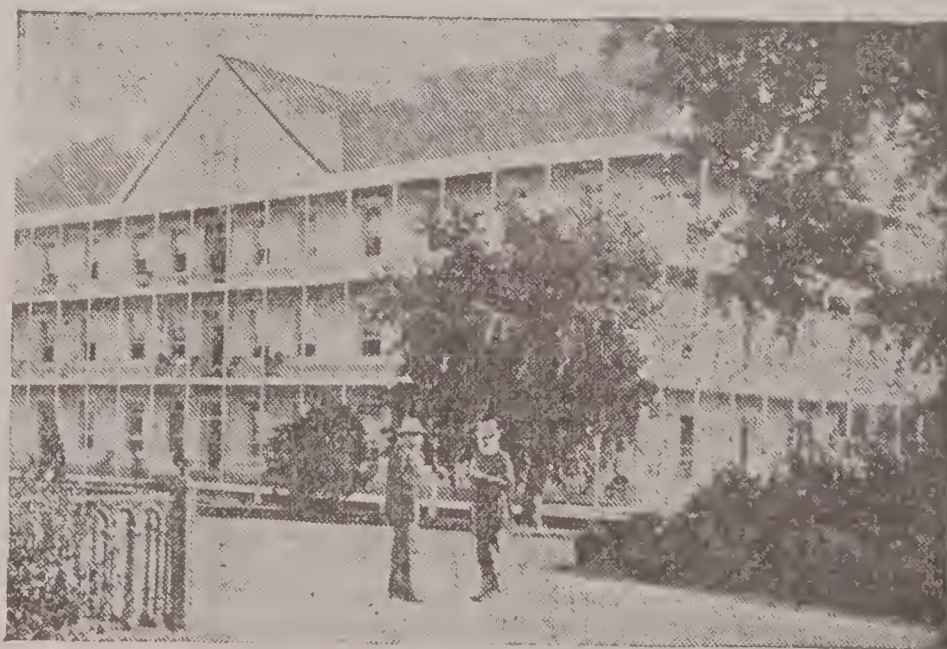
BARRACKS ARE CROWDED.

The barracks at Hampton are crowded. In one or two of them the beds are in five ranks across the hall, instead of in two, and tents have been put up to accommodate the later comers. These tents are floored, half walled by planking and have doors and stoves, but the men, being less hot blooded than in the days when they were facing minie balls and shell, prefer to be indoors, especially at night. The inmates do not strikingly suggest men of war in these times. They are bent, they walk slowly, often with canes, their hair is white and thin and they sit for hours together on the benches at the beach or in chairs in their quarters, gazing dreamily into the distance, quarreling amiably together, playing solitaire, with their cots for tables, dozing or reading. For they have a good library here, with 9,000 volumes on the shelves, and the reading room contains 141 papers, 32 of which are German, 19 weeklies and 19 magazines. Last year there were 41,625 deliveries of books to 5,313 readers, which represents more than the number of inmates, for what may be called the stable population in the Hampton Home is only 4,800—about a thousand less than that of Dayton. Novels, especially old novels, are in demand at the library, but histories of the Civil War are read with unabated interest, and there are a few who distinguish themselves by reading poetry. One man in eight visits the library every day, but one in every two visits a saloon. Yet the general conduct is good. As in every institution where no fixed employments are provided and where the minds of the inmates are not stimulated, there is gossip and trifling and disputing, and the officers have trouble in circumventing the evil suggestions of the "guard house lawyers," who are malcontents that live just inside the rules themselves, but put their comrades up to any sort of deviltry. Most

must receive courtesy, for he has general oversight. The inmates are organized into fourteen companies, with officers appointed by the governor of the home. The lieutenants receive no pay for their service, but each captain draws \$15 to \$20 a month. The home police, chosen from among the men themselves, do their duty as sternly as if they were dealing with strangers. Their pay is \$12 a month.

INMATES EAGER FOR EMPLOYMENT.

There is employment at fair wages for such as can do the necessary work about the home—building, repairing, gardening, cooking and serving. About 300 men have such employment, and, indeed,



KING BUILDING, NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

there is more call for work than there is work to give. Only thirty-five civilians are engaged and, excepting the families of officials and nurses in the hospital, there are no women on the reservation. A board of managers chosen by Congress controls the affairs of the home, and it appoints the offi-

RECKLESS CHARGE ON THE RATIONS.

A lad in knickerbockers steps into an open space and sounds the assembly. He has good lungs, and the brazen notes echo from every hall. The place becomes the scene of a mighty stir, men in blue

sbambling, limping, shuffling from all quarters. The long, low building is in a state of siege. Again the bugle, and, with a prodigious clatter, the hundreds surge through the doors and seat themselves at long tables. For this means supper. When all are placed, and have put their hats and caps into the racks under the table, an official calls for silence.

"There will be a minstrel show at the Opera House to-night," he roars. Then the clang

free, to them. There are a mezzanine box, four proscenium boxes and a pew in the middle of the parquet for the dignitaries, and a few outsiders are admitted on payment, but most of the house is occupied by the old soldiers, and it is a curious and pathetic sight to see them rise and salute the flag when it is unfurled from the stage before the performance. One finds orders posted at the doors not to spit on the floor or strike matches on the walls, and other

toward his charges much as a father toward his children. A man, therefore, receives according to his needs. When one is careless and wasteful the fact is deplored, but he must be elad, just as the rough and tumble youth of a family must be, when he has been sliding down the cellar door till his breeches are in strings, while the good and careful boy, who is his mother's joy and speaks pieces in Sunday School, gets fewer garments and no cash equivalent.

About 4,200 of the inmates are pensioners. Pay day is a time of dread, not only because of the drinking that follows, but because fakirs and swindlers come in with all sorts of claims, and extort a good deal of the cash from the veterans. Phoebus is a busy place so soon as the men have their freedom, for usually they are kept in for two or three days to encourage them to pay their bills and send money to their relatives. The arrests, numbering 1,500 a year, are all for drunkenness. "It's the only offense the old fellows can commit," explained an official. The punishments are light, the extreme being consignment to the sweeping gang. If a particularly obstreperous case come whooping and howling in from Phoebus, and disgracing his family, he is locked up in the police station, but these quarters differ from his own merely in having bars at the windows. Phoebus has no vice, except what is encouraged by the natives and the artillerymen from Fort Monroe, hence there are not many transient cases at the hospital. Furloughs are granted to any inmate of good character, and he is at liberty to leave at any time if his relatives offer to care for him. There is a church on the grounds—by no means so well built as the one in Dayton—and the attendance is fair, in spite of the blackboard at the door announcing a collection. As at the Washington home, there is a large foreign contingent. The Irish are said to number about a third of all the inmates.

Almost every day a small procession leaves the home. It forms at the little undertaker shop, where one finds piles of coffins, made of yellow pine and stained. A hearse is followed by a firing party that plods along the dusty road till it reaches the cemetery. There is a rattle of earth, the volley that speaks the last salute, another headstone is added to a row of portentous length, and a soldier's life is ended.



MC CLELLAND AVENUE, NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS, FORT MONROE.

of a bell is heard, and at this liberating sound comes an indescribable crash of shoes, plates, glasses, knives, forks and tongues. The waiters—veterans, too—hurry in with soup, beef, beans, bread and coffee, and the host is pacified. Twelve hundred are fed at a time in this main dining hall, on rations better than those supplied to troops in service, and if they are not enough—as they surely are—the man with a hankering can go to the canteen and have his beer, or can buy a lunch at the little hotel on the grounds.

Except when a show is in progress at the opera house, also on the grounds, the men are supposed to conform to camp routine and be in their beds at taps. They often have good plays at this theater and admission is

orders as to conduct and care of buildings and effects are to be seen on the doors and in the corridors of the quarters. Every man has a locker for his clothing and valuables, and he may own various things, such as boats and bicycles, that are not permitted at the Washington home.

TOO FEEBLE FOR FARM WORK.

The farm of a hundred acres that has till now been operated by the veterans is to be given up. They have grown too feeble to work it successfully or profitably. Six hundred of them are inmates of the hospital, and there are a hundred more in the blind ward. There is no rule as to the distribution of clothing. The governor stands

The Officer



FTER all, it is a question of head in this life. And an army without a head is a body without a mind. The regulars are fellows of infinite courage, and many of them are qualified to be officers themselves, yet without an accepted leader their strength and courage may come to naught. And all things considered, the regular officer has been very patient under the interfer-

more troops, and when, instead of putting regular officers over raw levies, the too common way has been to put raw officers into regular service. This is preposterous and could happen only in a country where the army has never been an important factor and where ignorance as to the men who make it, and the conditions that create and sustain it, are widespread.

At the beginning of the late war with Spain the colonel of a Western regiment went to an Army officer and said: "I want you for my lieutenant colonel. I don't even know the manual of arms. I couldn't give an order to my men. But by being colonel I am expecting to land in a good place in Washington, and then you'll be the real colonel of this

war with a regular officer and declaring that the regulars had nothing to do with the suppression of the rebellion. The regulars—poor devils—lost a heavier percentage than any others and got little of the glory. But the regular said, "You were in the war?"

"Sure. I went in at Bull Run and came out with Sherman after the march to the sea."

"How strong was your regiment at Bull Run?"

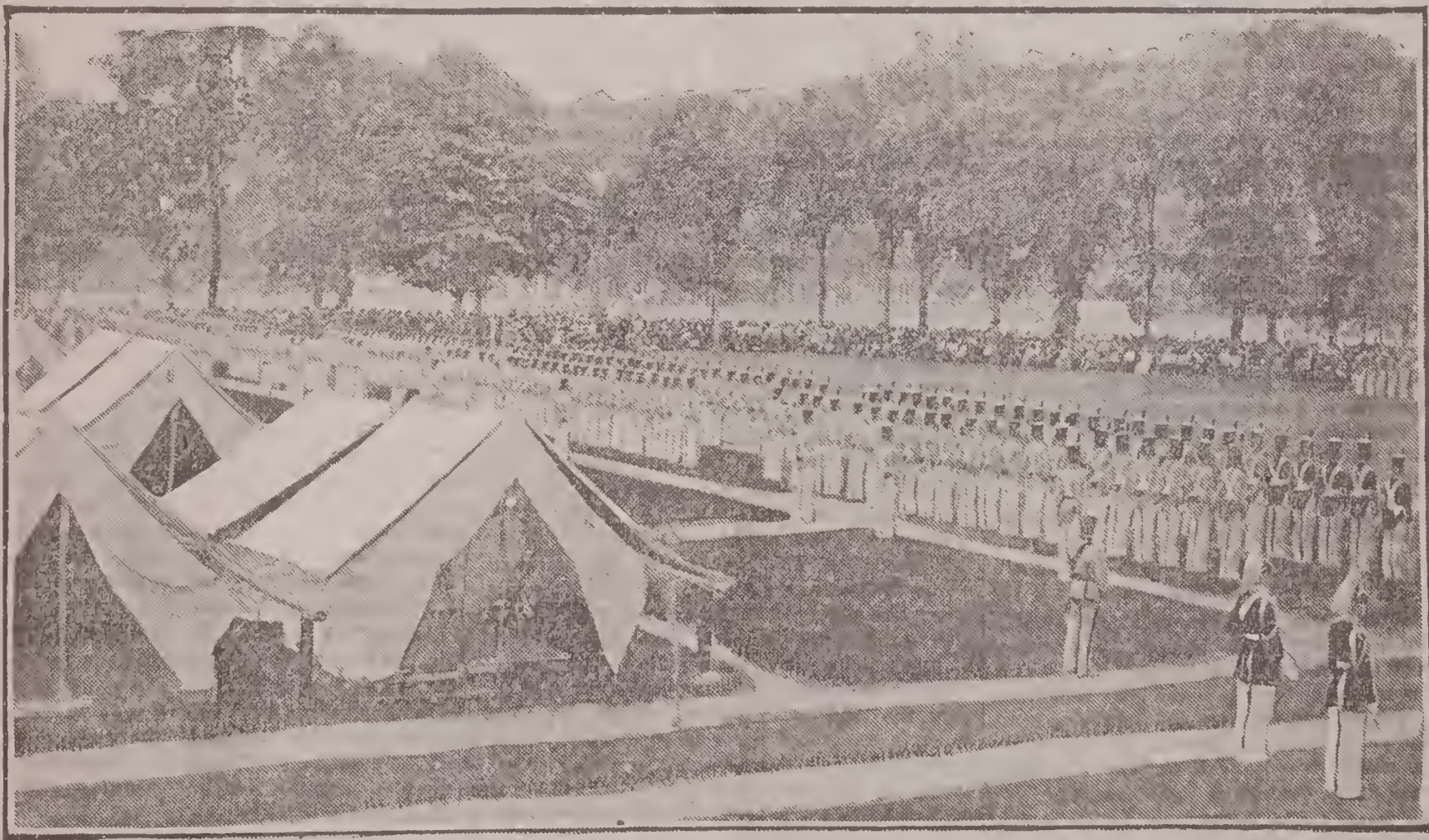
"Practically a full regiment."

"And how many had you when you left Atlanta?"

"Hardly a battalion."

"And it had learned to fight in that time?"

"Why, sir, that battalion could have licked the old regiment."



DRESS PARADE OF CADETS AT WEST POINT.

ences he has endured and the changes he has been compelled to see. The Army has been too often a mere stepping stone for advancement and sons of persons of influence have been foisted into place beside men whose worth was far in excess of theirs. Especially is this true in time of war, when the sudden need arises of new troops and

regiment. See?" And it is hoped that the regular officer saw and saved the regiment.

Another instructive incident: The volunteers think very highly of volunteers, and with reason, for they are of the best material, but they are inclined to talk taller than need be. One of them was discussing the importance of the state levies in the civil

"Exactly! By that time you were regulars."

And that had happened. War is learned like other trades, and is best learned in the field; but when a long time has passed without war to train

WEST POINT FINEST MILITARY SCHOOL.

the officers, the art will be forgotten unless some institution is maintained for their schooling. We have such an institution in the United States Military Academy at West Point. Than this there is no finer school in the world—that is, for its purpose. Its purpose is not to make poets or painters, but soldiers, and, when you think of it, it is remarkable how unanimously its graduates persist in being just soldiers and nothing else. Excepting a few who have come into notice as inventors, a few others who have written on military topics, and a few who backslid into trade, it is hardly possible to name a graduate who has attained celebrity in other than military pursuits. Of the thousands who have gone through the mill, but one—Whistler, namely—has made a name as an artist, and but one—General KIng—has come into notice as a writer of fiction. The training, therefore, is such as opposes what is known as culture, and encourages hardness of body and mind, exactitude, self-control and practical resource. There is no study of the classics, little attention to belles lettres, no striking taste develops itself for art and music, but the soldier that is in every man is developed to the full.

Next year this academy will celebrate its centenary, and it ought to be allowed to celebrate it with a generous allowance for new buildings and increased usefulness, for now that the size of our Army has been definitely fixed, and we are to pamper one soldier in luxury for every thousand members of the community that will be taxed for him, we must have officers to command the soldiers or our military strength will be imperilled. Speaking of his trained officers, General Scott said: "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in the first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish." And had we possessed an army that was an army when the Civil War broke out, there would have been a strife of only a month's duration. Considering the cost of war, which is the heaviest expense that is borne by nations, and considering the awful waste of life that comes of amateur leadership in its early years, the cost of maintenance of a school for officers is hardly to be considered at all. Prevention is better than cure in international disorders, as in other things.

OFFICERS ARE MEN OF PEACE.

And it is a mistake to suppose that the officers of the Army are always looking for fight or are eager to foment discord. Nothing can be farther from the fact. They know too well the meaning of battle; they know what war means to the lives and resources of the people, and they are the last to counsel against peace. At the same time, they have offered their lives to the service, and they will risk all in defense of their country.

West Point has recently been in the public eye because the cadets have been under investigation for hazing. The affair has been grotesquely exaggerated. Booz did not die from the effect of any injuries he received at the Academy. Ruffianism has been practically given over, albeit some of the livelier youngsters want permission to continue the practice of "bracing," which consists in putting the "plebe" or new comer into ridiculous attitudes and making him assume the position of the soldier with his chin pulled in and

his breast thrust out like a pouter pigeon. It was the cadets themselves who offered to stop the ancient custom, and it is for their honor that they are held to their word, for while hazing is seldom serious, it is derogatory to the dignity of both victims and oppressors, and the worst is, that in order to carry on the practice secretly, there must be a deception, and deception is a form of lying, and lying is a vice that cannot be tolerated at West Point, where every fellow is on his honor.

For the first thing instilled into the mind of the cadet is that he is to be a gentleman, and as such he is to have no reservations from the truth. He is to be frank and square whatever else betides. He is to bring honor to his calling. Needless to say he does it, for your regular Army man is a fine type, and the academy is a school for no other. As a school it is better furnished than almost any other of like purpose. The curriculum is ample, and the course severe. Mathematics forms the most picky part in it, but of late more attention has been given to practical instruction. The figuring branches comprise algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, surveying, logarithmic tables, spherical and solid geometry, differential and integral calculus, the method of least squares, drawing exercises in which occur constructive problems in plane geometry, point paths, topography, field reconnaissance contouring, triangulation and large surveys, topographical sketching, photography as applied to surveys, mechanical and architectural drawing, military landscape, building construction, isometric sections, engineering and ordnance drawing, and calculation of speed and strength in gunnery. There is a course in English, and one must also learn French and Spanish, after a fashion.

CADETS MUST LEARN MUCH.

As for other things that old fashioned warriors would have deemed unnecessary, there are natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, chemical and physical geography, mineralogy, history, law, things about electricity, sound and light, and, of course, all likely things about Army work, drill, discipline, tactics, organization, engineering, signaling, gunnery, fortification, camps, sanitation and various matters imparted, if not in books, then in lectures. It makes you catch your breath to see a youngster who, a few months before, did not know the difference between dolomite and a theodolite, march up to a tray of minerals and pick out actinolite, gypsum, hornblende or what not, and tell what its physical and chemical properties and economic consequence may be, if it has any. What does a lieutenant need to know about such? Well, for one thing, he may be sent into strange countries to make surveys, and if he does not know one plant or mineral from another, he may tramp across acres of vegetation or hills of mineral of great importance to the industries or development of the country, and report the land as valueless. While the book work is hard, and there is little let up in it through the four academic years, practical instruction is also constant. The cadet is drilled in every branch. He is an infantryman, a cavalryman, an artilleryman, an engineer; he can box, fence, shoot with revolvers or machine guns; he can throw up intrenchments, he can make spar, pontoon and trestle bridges, he can construct earth or masonry work and obstacles, he can tell where he is by the stars, he can ride a horse and care for him when he—the horse—is playing off with some of his various diseases, he can and does scour about the country on practice marches, when he is arrayed in a cam-

paign hat and leggins, and wears a business look that would shock the martinets of a former era, and he comes back with maps and surveys and drawings. Also, he whirls around the horizontal bar, swims, rows, fights his classmates, in the woods after dark; eats like a pirate, gets tired of it all and wishes he were practicing medicine or keeping a grocery; but he plugs along with a stiff back and his chin in the air, and one afternoon he receives his sheepskin, rolls up his gray cadet uniform, blossoms out in blue and gold and is the largest man in the United States, for a few weeks.

WHEN THE CADET SHOWS OFF.

If you go to West Point, as you should, being an American and interested and responsible, be there during the June examinations, if you can squeeze into the musty, obsolete hotel, for it is then that the cadets show off. You will see them as infantry one day; you will see them tear by like a cyclone on the next, as they make a cavalry charge; you find them bridging the Hudson with floats; your nerves will stand a jar on the afternoons when they train the siege guns at a whitened rock on the side of Crow Nest, a mile or two away, and pound off slabs and clouds of it; you will see some beautiful mortar play in the evening, when, in addition to the usual projectiles, some of the ordnance coughs out fireworks; you will see exciting sham battles, and you will see dress parades that are wonders of steadiness; and the band of forty-five pieces, the best in the Army, will play, and the roll of drums and clangor of bugles and crash of the sunset gun as Old Glory descends from its height and every man not in the ranks uncovers and every woman rises, will stir your blood, so surely as you have any.

After the examinations the cadets go into camp and they used to hold high jinks in the evening, but there is less of that now. Former visitors to the place will learn with regret of the shoveling down of Fort Clinton, in which some of these jinks were held, and that was one of the interesting historical relics about the place, but the removal of the big earthwork, built by Kosciusko, was necessary, because the plain was too small for the camp. There will now be room, for the first time. Old Fort Putnam still overhangs the post on its eminence—a ruin that is much visited for the view it offers, but that is also of interest because it represents a type of defensive structure that is as far out of date as Kenilworth Castle. History is all about us. This was the scene of Arnold's treason. Here the chain, of which some links are to be seen, was stretched across the Hudson to forbid the passage of the British fleet. On Beacon Hill, across the river, the fires were lighted as warning or as jubilation.

Legend still abides, for it was on Crow Nest that the last revel of the elves was held, and through that gap of wondrous beauty, that the river cleaves into a land of dreams and sunshine in the north, the distant Catskills are to be seen, and you think of Rip Van Winkle and the Indian storm makers.

One of the adornments of the grounds is the battle monument, surmounted by the Winged Victory of Macmonnies, and there are many trophies of success in foreign wars, especially in the form of cannon taken from the English and Mexicans, the latter oddities titled in such fashions as The Clown, The Peacemaker, The Thunderer, The Peacock, or Saint This or That. Romantic glades in the vicinity are traversed by inviting paths, and the one known as Flirtation explains itself. Then there is the little cemetery where

rest Thayer, the father of the academy; Scott, Anderson, Custer, Kilpatrick and other famous men of famous wars. In brief, the scenery and associations of the place are such as to arouse and perpetuate love of country.

WEST POINT'S WONDEROUS CHARM.

The charm of it comes to every visitor, and the wonder is that its graduates are not even more enthusiastic than they are. The surface of the Point is a green plain, where the parades take place; along the roads are the pretty cottages of the officers and teachers, half hidden in foliage, and at the foot of the bluff, on the north side, are the barracks and shops pertaining to the garrison; for all branches of the service are represented here. The cadet barracks are an imposing castellated mass of buildings and near by are the chapel, the Catholic church, the gymnasium, bath

assumes acquaintance with the grammar school branches. His allowance from government is \$540 a year, or about \$70 a year less than the naval cadet receives, and this difference is a cause of some heart aches and a few stomach aches. Out of this the lad is clothed and fed and taught and lectured and supplied with books and instruments and clean collars, and by strict attention to the matter he generally succeeds in leaving the academy a hundred dollars in debt.

GAMBLING NOT FASHIONABLE NOW.

On achieving his lieutenancy he begins to earn enough to preserve him from trouble, but he must pay for his clothes and trappings. He has his quarters, however, and medical service, and if he is sent away from his post on special duty he has an allowance for rent, but as this is only \$12 a month per room,

officers as poker for nickels and beans is common among the enlisted men to-day. And this more virtuous existence has come in spite of a bettering of the lot of the officer. It has come simply because it is no longer the part of a gentleman to gamble.

The pay of our officers has almost doubled in the last sixty years, and the maximum is now as follows: Lieutenant, unmounted, \$2,100; lieutenant, mounted, \$2,240; captain, \$2,520; captain mounted, \$2,800; major, \$3,500; lieutenant colonel, \$4,000; colonel, \$4,500; brigadier general, \$5,500; major general, \$7,500. It has been feared, by some critics, that these sums are too large; that they are liable to make the soldiers worldly, and encourage them in luxurious ways that will soften them and make them easy to beat



GUARD MOUNT, WEST POINT.

and swimming house, library, mess hall, hospital, store, observatory, and the handsome memorial building stored with battle flags, trophy guns and portraits, and containing an assembly room and theater. The academy building, contiguous to the barracks, holds the admirably fitted class rooms and the ordnance museum, besides art, mineral and geological collections. Drills occur on the parade ground, and if one were not in time, on a flying visit, to see the work of the cadets, he could probably come upon the regular troops going through their work. A seacoast battery, siege battery, light battery, saluting battery, rifle and pistol range are places of diabolical activity on certain days, and dashing exhibitions of horsemanship occur in the riding hall.

When the academy was founded, ninety-nine years ago, no examinations were necessary for entrance. The cadets studied during the summer and went home for the winter. Now the youngsters remain there for the whole four years, except during a fortnight in the second term. One cadet may be appointed from each congressional district, one from the District of Columbia, one from each territory and twenty are appointed at large by the President. By recent increases a maximum of 511 members of the corps is possible, and with our Army this is but a moderate allowance. When we had 25,000 men, cadets were sometimes kept waiting, and promotions were slow, but with 80,000 a force of lieutenants adequate to command it must be provided.

The candidate must be between the ages of 17 and 22, must have sound health, no wife, tolerable morals and a clear head. His scholastic examination is not strict, but it

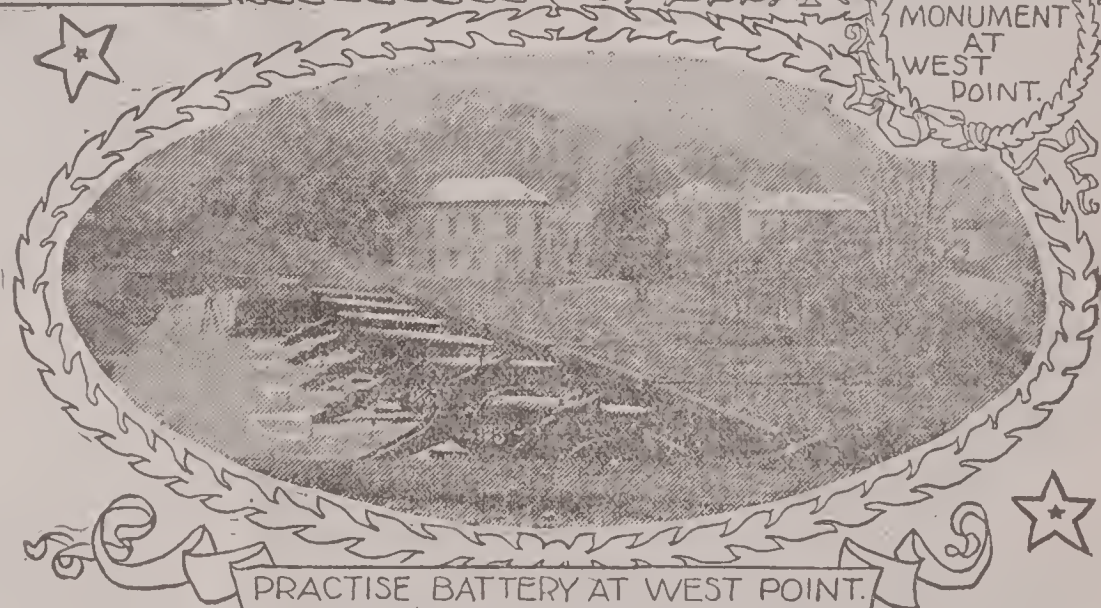
it does not permit him to put up at the Waldorf, hence he draws on his own resources, and he does this constantly so long as he is in the Army. If he continues to be a bachelor he is lodged in any sort of place that is not needed for the married men, although government is kinder to bachelors than it used to be, and in some posts it is putting up really respectable lodgings for them. Then, unless the garrison is cut to a mere skeleton, he clubs in with the other bachelor officers, and they live tolerably well, though he often has to rough it on salt horse and hard tack, when he is on service in the West. He is a more cautious man with his morals than he used to be, and it is an exception now to find an officer who tipsles, or consorts with gay and frivolous persons, or gambles. Gambling thirty or forty years ago was as common among

in the case of war. The likelier misfortune is that they will become prizes better worth trying for, and that in case of another war they will be more eagerly sought than ever before, by politicians and other public charges. In addition to their pay, officers receive free transportation when on government duty, and in certain positions, as when they serve as aides, they receive a small extra compensation. Retired officers continue to draw 75 per cent. of their pay.

As a rule, the West Pointer tries for the engineer corps. That is the aristocracy of the Army. If he cannot have a place in that, and is of varying minds regarding the other branches, he may elect the ordnance, a responsible, but not glory-giving department, for the ordnance division is merely constructive, the fighting of the guns being left to the artillery. If these services are



SOLDIERS'
MONUMENT
AT
WEST
POINT.



PRACTISE BATTERY AT WEST POINT.

impossible, and if comfortable staff positions do not offer, the young officer must content himself in one of the old reliable branches: the artillery, cavalry or infantry. Usually he is dreaded, in the post where he makes his first appearance. All branches of the service are represented at West Point, yet he has had no chance to head a troop or company or battery, and in the know-it-all age, one may be a bit of a nuisance. The trust imposed by the government of the United States in the young lieutenant swells him a good deal, and his shoes are not easy, nor his hat small enough for some months. He

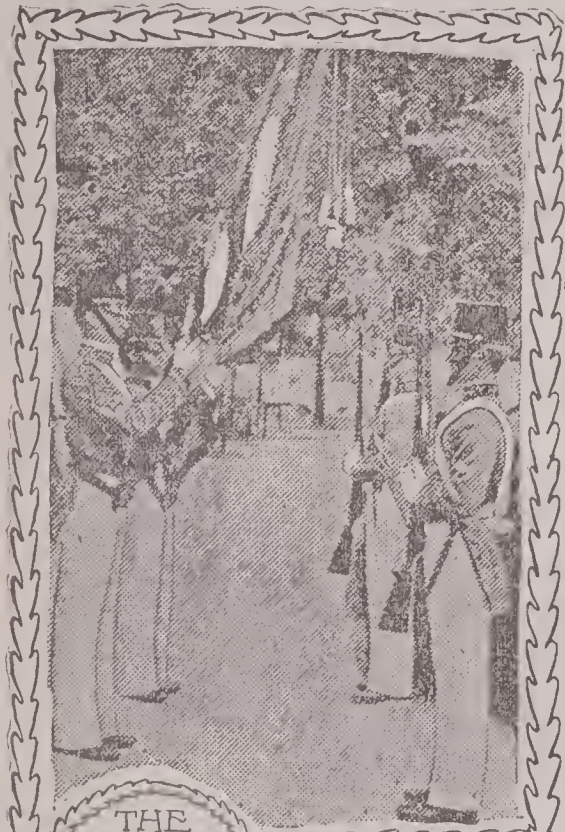
men of their own sort, with whom they tramped about the floors of city armories. Men like a commander whom they trust, whether he is a friend or a boss, and they realize that they are safest under him.

ESCAPE NOSTALGIA BY HAVING NO HOMES.

It is rather melancholy at first thought that an officer in the United States Army has so limited a range of acquaintance, and is so little known outside of his department. He is shifted from New York to Manila, and from there to San Juan, and thence to the Western desert. These rapid changes are disorganizing to the enlisted men, and they are sometimes so home sick that they have to be released from the service, as invalids, but the officer ceases to be the citizen of a state;

of good eating and drinking, good dressing and plenty of society. If he does not care for these things it often happens that his wife and children do.

But the officer is never secure in any position. Politics are not so important in the Army, nor does "pull" count for half so much as many old soldiers believe. Pride and jealousy are failings of the Army man, so far as he permits himself to have failings, but often there is small occasion for the jealousy. His bitterest experience comes to him when he has to take the responsibility for failures and when the custom of the service permits him to make no reply or explanation. When battle is on there is, indeed, no time or chance for either, and the younger officer must swallow slights and demand redress afterward. For example, when a regiment with the un-



THE
COLOR
GUARD AT
WEST
POINT



CADETS TRY THEIR HANDS AT CON-
STRUCTING INTRENCHMENTS IN A HURRY



CADETS TAKING A LESSON
IN PACKING

almost invariably reforms, however, and when his greenness wears away his men respect him. There are few tyrants in our Army; few men who would be fired at by their own troops in battle or in drill. It is alleged that one unpopular officer found three bullet holes in his hat after a battle drill, but this sort of thing oftener happens among volunteers than among regulars, for the former are apt to regard their leaders without reverence, and to envy them, having been but lately

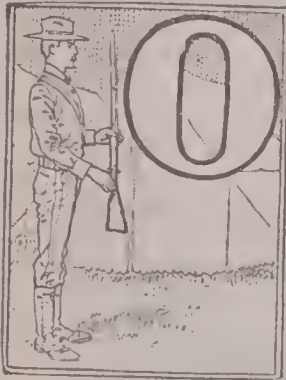
he represents the whole nation, and he has given his life to its defense. Home he hardly knows; therefore, he cannot be homesick. To be sure, he has the best there is at the fort or station to which he is assigned, but that is commonly nothing for him or his government to brag about; and he is happy, if he is some usual kind of man, to obtain a place in Washington or New York where his income permits him to be as good as most other folks and where he has the consolations

lucky number of 13 arrived in Luzon, there was fighting with the rebels. It had no time to get on its land legs, to get used to the climate, to dress for the heat, or adapt itself to new conditions; no time even to eat; it was rushed directly from the transport to the front. As a result 600 of the men fell out, overcome with heat. Instead of receiving consideration the general in command shouted: "Send these men back to Manila for guard duty, where they won't be hurt."

Thus a stigma was put upon a regiment that was as brave as any, and under different circumstances could give a different account of itself. And in such a case the regimental officers suffer as badly as the men in body, and ten times worse in mind. For the officer is the mind of his command and to criticize his command is to declare him ineffective.

War is a rough business at the best, and all the trials of it are not trials of health, strength and endurance. It calls for the utmost development of manhood and in all the tests it has imposed on our countrymen they have borne themselves to admiration. The American officer needs no other title than his name of officer to be recognized as the knight of the republic, without fear and without reproach.

Military Prisons and Schools



ON the thirsty soil of Kansas, twenty-six miles from the cock-tails of Kansas City and three miles from the town of Leavenworth, which is the stillest place of its size in the United States, except when it is burning negroes, stands Fort Leavenworth. This post is the largest, most important and most various military station in the country. By reason of its central loca-

and everything wears a look of use and thrift, different from the desolation or down-at-the-heels aspect of a majority of the Army stations in the West. Fort Leavenworth was made for a large garrison and, although temporarily occupied by only a couple of companies, it will be one of the first of the forts to regain its complement, so soon as China is left to her own devices and the Filipinos desist from kicking against the pricks.

No other station in the country has such diversity of interests as this. Here are separate systems of punishment for three classes of military offenders; here is the

post graduate school for officers of cavalry and infantry; not far away is a populous home for old soldiers, and here are likewise exemplified the customary employments of the man at arms. There is no complaint as to lack of room. The reservation covers 5,500 acres in Kansas, reaches across the Missouri River and embraces 930 acres more in the State of Missouri, and contains not only the expected houses, barracks and shops, but a reach of swamp and woodland on the lonesome or eastern side, ample ground for grazing, and will presently include one of the best ranges in the world, not only for rifle practice, but for artillery. The district is rolling and broken, gullied by brooks, and has a considerable forest growth, so that in the event of practice marches nearly all desirable difficulties can be confronted without going far afield. For the practice tramps that used to be taken by our men in the days when they had no war on their hands were extensive. It was generally expected of an infantry command that it would cover 300 miles during the year, and a common practice was to march from a fort in one state to a post in another, remain for awhile, and return. If there was no other post for hundreds of miles, the command would go into camp.

The scenery about Fort Leavenworth, while not exciting, is agreeable, the social



FRONT VIEW OF PENITENTIARY
FORT LEAVENWORTH

tion it will always be of consequence as a distributing point, if for no other cause. Any of our cities could be reached from Fort Leavenworth in three days, at least by special train, and the railroad lines that center in Kansas City give quick reach to every part of our territory. This is what led to the establishment of so large a fort at this place, but it was the addition of the Army prison and the officers' school that made it notable.

The post is better kept than ordinary, because it is better manned, and it is not as likely to lose its garrison as are the smaller forts. The barracks are of brick, with double piazzas; the married officers' quarters are two and one-half story houses, also of brick, fronting on a pretty park, which contains trophy guns and a bronze statue of General Grant; the bachelor officers live in neat brick rows, instead of the neglected shacks to which their deplorable state of singleness so often consigns them; there is a spacious parade ground, with a battery of brass Napoleons that shine like new cents,



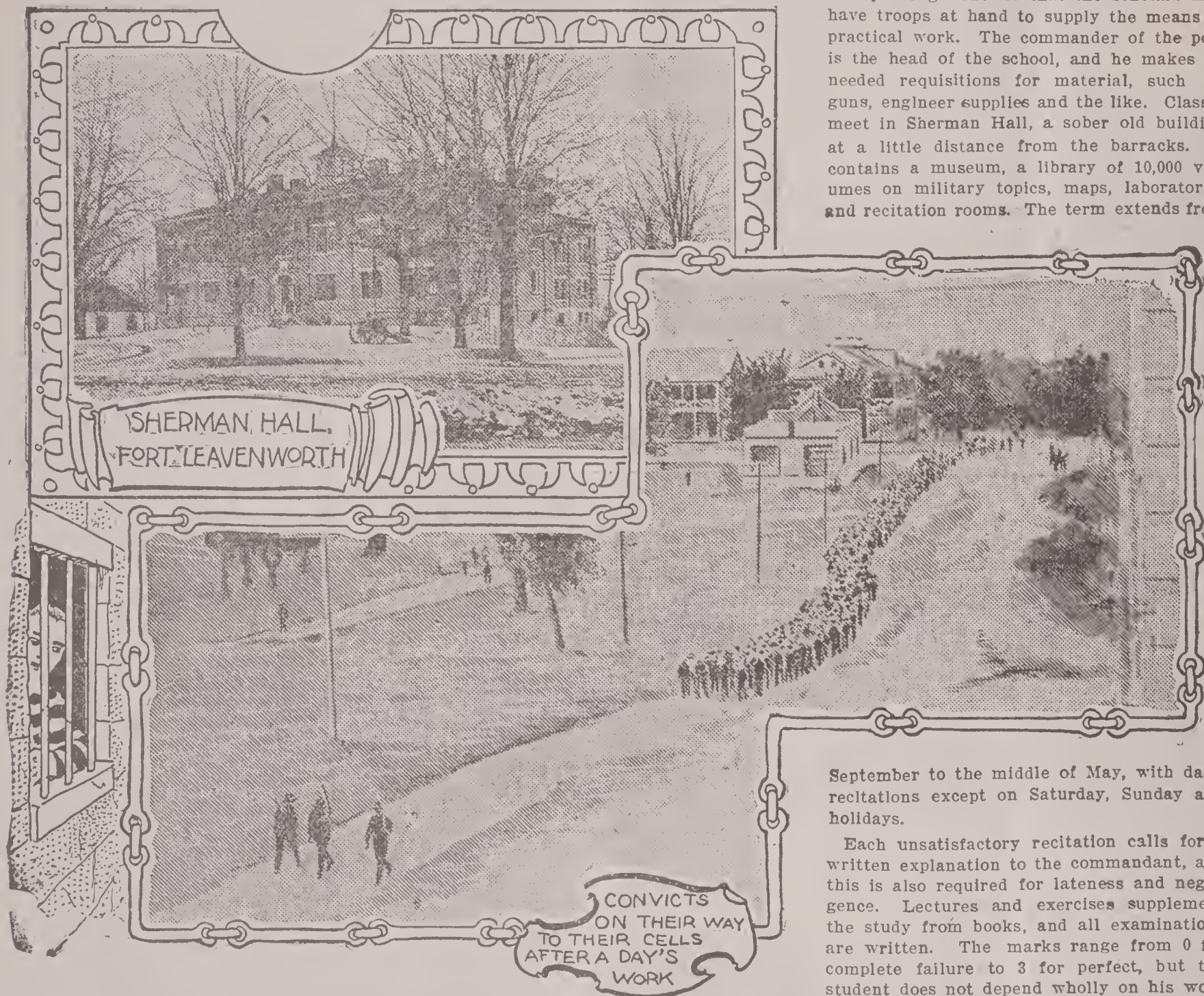
INSPECTION IN THE PRISON YARD.

advantages surpass those of a majority of posts, no hardships are to be looked for in the performance of routine duty, the quarters are spacious and comfortable; yet an Army man shudders at the name of Leavenworth, for it is hopelessly associated with prison and arithmetic. The torturing devices implied in the last mentioned science are a part of the work in the officers' school. Here the young lieutenant must come for the finishing touches to his education. Touches?

against Spaniards and Indians, or filled the place of post adjutant or regimental quartermaster, and it is no reflection on his courage or his fitness when he is ordered to this place or to Fort Reilly, where a similar school is in operation when there is time for schools, to complete his studies. To a man who has not had the advantage of a scholastic training, and is, therefore, unaccustomed to mental application, the strain of a term at the infantry and cavalry school

he can pass subsequent examinations after private study; but the brand of the defective is upon him, and he feels it.

The regular course occupies two years, and it is designed that a period of time shall elapse between graduation from West Point and the return to the books. The lads at the national military academy are too young and too busy to advantage by such a school as that in Fort Leavenworth. One reason for maintaining a large garrison here—commonly a regiment—is that the scholars may have troops at hand to supply the means of practical work. The commander of the post is the head of the school, and he makes all needed requisitions for material, such as guns, engineer supplies and the like. Classes meet in Sherman Hall, a sober old building at a little distance from the barracks. It contains a museum, a library of 10,000 volumes on military topics, maps, laboratories and recitation rooms. The term extends from



September to the middle of May, with daily recitations except on Saturday, Sunday and holidays.

Each unsatisfactory recitation calls for a written explanation to the commandant, and this is also required for lateness and negligence. Lectures and exercises supplement the study from books, and all examinations are written. The marks range from 0 for complete failure to 3 for perfect, but the student does not depend wholly on his work in the class room. His percentages can be advanced by showing merit in his essays, map making, ability to handle troops in the field, sharpness of observation that notices needs and merits, and the ability to bear himself as a soldier. Less than 70 per cent. is accounted as unsatisfactory, and above that one is graded as proficient or distinguished. The diploma granted at the end of the course releases the officer from examinations for five years to come. The five men who rank the highest in their studies are "honor graduates."

The study is thorough. It comprises grand and minor tactics, army organization, field exercises, theoretic and practical; rifle fire, hippology, drill regulations, courses in strategy, logistics, military history, military geography, war games and maneuvers on the map, military topography and sketching, field fortification, field engineering, signaling, telegraphy and photography; law, military administration and military hygiene. These merely generalize the work, for in the de-

Yes, large, heavy strokes. West Point produces officers of whom we may be proud, yet they have much to learn that can be acquired only in practice. They are attending the best schools in Cuba and the Philippines at this moment. Because of the increase in the Army and the dispersal of its officers over two hemispheres there is an increasing number of men who hold commissions without having been through the course at West Point. They are civilian appointees, men promoted into the regular service from the volunteers, privates who have studied their way up from the ranks. Take no scorn of these honest and deserving fellows. Some of the ablest officers in the Army have never spent a day at West Point, and the present general carried a gun in his youth.

It is odd to figure a man with shoulder straps, sitting at a desk and doing sums or trying to square the circle or encircle the square, after he has served with distinction

is considerable, and it is a matter of honor as well as of duty to go through with as good a record as circumstances permit; for the man who cannot pass his examinations is accounted a dullard, and suffers under a slight disgrace. There is a stimulus as well as a deterrent in this fact, and when the civilian appointee finds himself elbow to elbow with the West Point graduate he will study the harder, in order to maintain his standing. Regimental commanders make the details for study, with the sanction of the War Department, not more than two men at a time being assigned from a single regiment, and none above the grade of lieutenant. Examinations are held every six months. If at the end of that time a lieutenant fails to pass he is allowed to study for six months longer; if at the end of that extension he is still unable to make a good showing he is returned to his regiment, his place unimpaired; he is still eligible for promotion if

partment of hygiene alone there are included such matters as the selection of recruits, clothing, food, barracks, hospitals, sites for camps and buildings, soils, dampness, water supply, building materials, ventilation, floors, air space, heating, camps, bivouacs, marches, cleanliness, exercise, amusements, waste disposal, drainage, sewers, plumbing, tests for leakage, tests for purity in water and ice, preventable diseases and precautions.

Until the outbreak of the Spanish War the graduating classes at Fort Leavenworth ranged from 60 to 100, and in Fort Reilly the classes were nearly as large. At present there is such urgent need of officers that there is no time for sending them to school, and a few of them are not sorry for this, although the earnest student finds Leavenworth a pleasant place to be in. There is a good post library of 2,000 books, aside

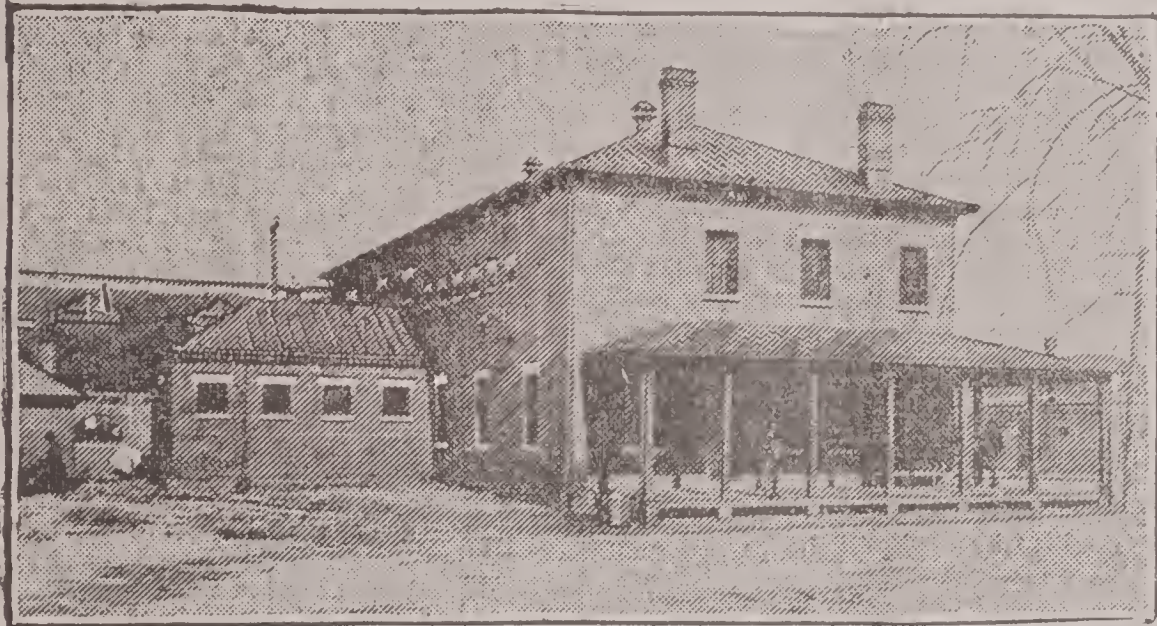
reservation were turned over by the War Department to the Department of Justice, some time ago, and on this hundred acres stands the prison, which was formerly occupied solely by military offenders. It is but a stone's throw from the barracks. When the model penitentiary that is in process of construction, two and one-half miles away, has been completed, the present inadequate and antiquated building will come down and the land will revert to the War Department, the Department of Justice taking, however, a new hold on 700 acres about the new prison.

Nothing better illustrates the fact that the Army is a little world by itself than the extensive provision of its punishments. It has rewards for courage and address, and penalties for slinking and weakness of which the world knows little or nothing. As elsewhere, the penalties are surer than the re-

will impose a fine on him of, say, \$5. If the same soldier strikes a fledgling from West Point he can be put to death. Yet the fledgling can strike him.

The officer can and does have on his side-board and his table such wine and liquors as he pleases, but the enlisted man is not permitted even to have beer. When the enlisted man kicks over the traces and gets drunk he is sent to the guard house for a week. If an officer forgets himself his colonel orders him to stay home till he feels better. There are many of these reminders to the enlisted man that he is a social and moral inferior, which generally he is not. This imposition of extravagant punishments upon him is a relic of the dark ages when the soldier was the vassal, the slave of the robber baron. Our military law is an importation from other lands, and is not always founded on sense or justice. Does any one suppose, for an instant, that if the crime of slapping an officer on the wrist were punishable with a month's imprisonment at hard labor, instead of death, the soldiers would hurry out of barracks and slap their officers?

Punishment has, indeed, been modified, except in time of war, when there is some excuse for severity, and one no longer sees the exhibitions of cruelty and humiliation that were common in the camps and forts not forty years ago. Men were compelled to straddle rails and wooden horses, for instance, and carry logs of wood up and down the streets of a camp, and sit on the ground with their arms trussed under their legs, and be subject to the guying and insults of their



THE POST PRISON,
FORT LEAVENWORTH

from the library of the school, and the officers have a club. The enlisted men had their club, also, till the abstainers broke it up, under the impression that it was a bar-room. Pope Hall, where dances and popular assemblies are held, is one of the handsomest and largest buildings to be found in any military post in this country. There the officers meet the families not only of their station, but those of important citizens in adjacent towns. The enlisted men lost their little restaurant and store when the canteen was destroyed. They are at liberty to attend prayer meetings. There is a post chapel, originally intended for all religious services, but in addition to this the Catholics have erected a chapel on the grounds, with the consent of the government.

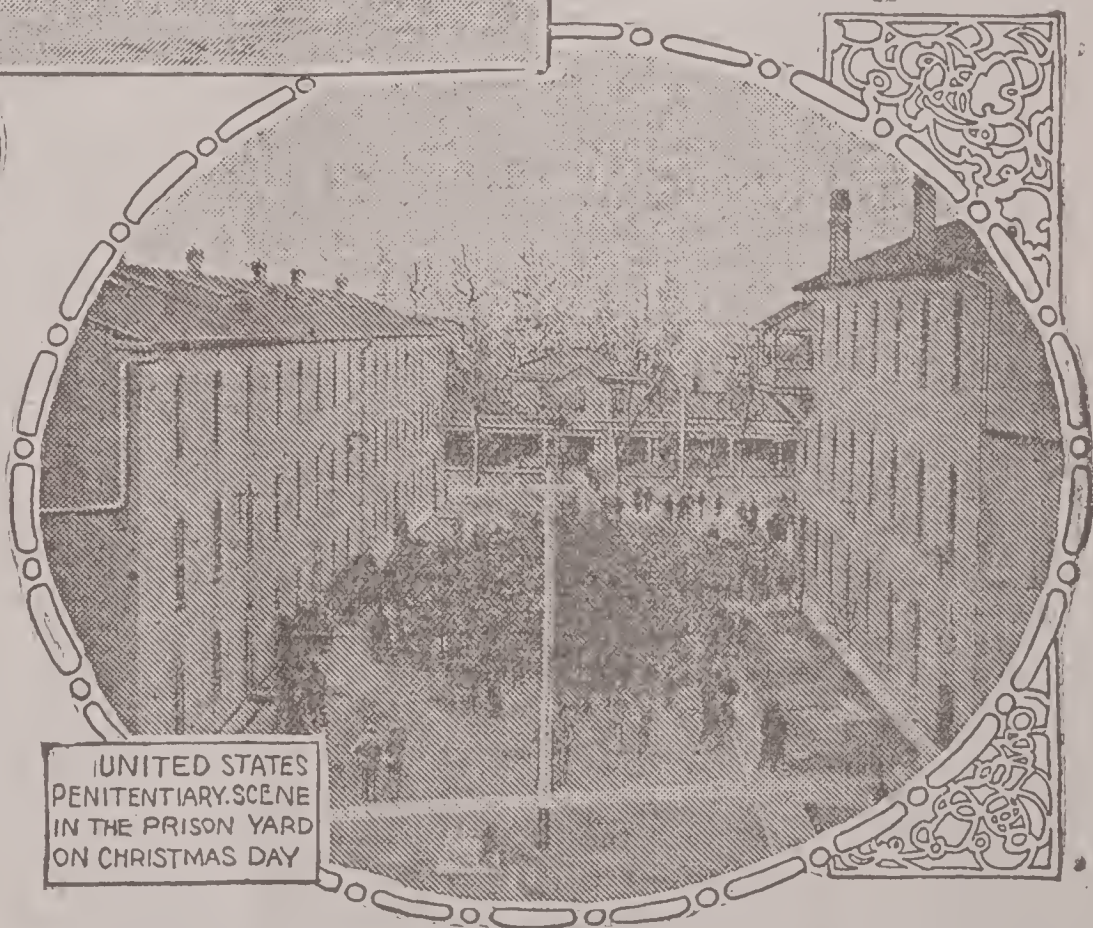
When the improvements now in progress are completed Fort Leavenworth will accommodate 2,000 men, and it will be complete in all departments, even to a siege battery, which, of course, has no practical value as a defense, since the ships of no European navy will ever ride up the Missouri to this point. The prisoners in the adjacent penitentiary are at present busied in building a new prison for themselves, but hundreds of them will presently be put at work converting the military reservation into a great park.

The grim gray building inclosed in a high wall and watched by men with carbines and shot guns are what has made Leavenworth better if less pleasantly known than any other fixture. About a hundred acres of the

wards, and the ethics of them are often hard for the civilian to understand, or for the soldier, either. A civilian, on good pay in government employ, or any other, may throw up his work whenever he pleases, but let a soldier leave his job and straightway he is tried by a jury of his superiors and sent to prison, or even ordered to be shot. An officer may resign with honor, though thousands of government money have been spent upon him, "And why not?" asks the Files, in the ranks. A soldier may strike the President of the United States and a police judge

comrades and the contumely of visitors. There is none of that at present, and it should have gone out when the stocks and pillory disappeared. The punishments now are practically all imprisonments.

The guard house, which is found in every post, and in camp is represented by a tent, is for minor offenders, who, for instance, have overstayed their time on a pass to town, or have taken more than is good for them, or have asked questions or grumbled when told to do something, or have persisted in a slouchy attitude and inattention at drill. For



UNITED STATES
PENITENTIARY SCENE
IN THE PRISON YARD
ON CHRISTMAS DAY

these sins they are condemned to lose their liberty for a day, a week, a month, as the case may be.

The post prison which occupies the floor above the guard house in Fort Leavenworth is also for military offenders, such as deserters and mutineers, all of whom have been sentenced by courts martial—none of them by civil courts. In this post they occupy a cage about 50 feet by 50, containing cots and a stove and a pet dog. They are sentenced to hard labor about the post with cellular confinement at night, and are held for longer terms than the guard house contingent, and may be kept from their liberty for years; yet they have not ceased to be soldiers. These men are commonly employed under watch of an armed guard, in digging, hauling, road mending, filling sinks and the like. They receive the regular Army rations and are dressed in cast off uniforms with a number attached to each and the letter P, denoting prisoner, on their backs. For these men there is a row of dark cells, and they are thrown into them at once if they are refractory. The cells are not only dark, but they have no heat, and as a bread and water diet is also imposed on the occupant there is no reason why he should not correct his behavior at mere mention of such a place. There are a dozen posts that have prisons of this sort—commonly cages of steel bar or gas pipe—that are watched all day and night by armed guards.

The third and worst class in the Army goes neither to the guard house nor the post prison, but to the United States penitentiary, and when he has entered it the convict not only begins a term of punishment, but has ceased to be a soldier, for the court martial that fixed his sentence has dishonorably dismissed him from the service. Originally the penitentiary at Leavenworth was for soldiers who had broken the law, but since its enlargement as a government prison all sorts of people are received there, who have fallen under the displeasure of the federal authorities—bad Indians, mail robbers, counterfeiters, sellers of whisky on forbidden reservations, moonshiners and men who have betrayed trusts imposed on them by the general government. A soldier or a sailor, however, can be sent here for having violated the law of any state or territory, and he can be sent by a civil court as well as by court martial. If he has robbed or outraged or set fire to houses or committed murder or felonious assault he comes here to expiate his offense. Of about 750 prisoners only 55 are soldiers. Of these 38 are white and 17 colored.

The present warden of the penitentiary is a man of experience. Major McClaughry was in charge of a reformatory in Pennsylvania, in charge at Joliet and was chief of police in Chicago during one of the virtuous seasons in that town. He is of middle age, a man of sympathy as well as understanding—and unless a man has a soft side he is eminently unfit for place as head of a penal institution. He holds that the prison is too large, for a keeper should know his men. In his opinion no prison should have more than 600 inmates. He is also hampered to some degree by the antiquity of the place, for it was not intended as a prison. It is merely a group of old houses that were intended for quartermaster stores. To guard and watch buildings of that sort is difficult, requiring not only greater vigilance, but more men, and therefore a larger expense, than is the case in the Philadelphia penitentiary, for instance, where all the corridors are under the eye of a single watchman, standing in the central rotunda.

The age and unsuitability of the construc-

tion has necessitated some architectural freaks. The dark cells that remain from the military period are constructed in a double row in the middle of a long, bleak room, and resemble, distantly, a bank of ovens. They are strongly built, but wretchedly small, and totally dark. The doors are of two thicknesses of wood, and, in order that not a ray of light shall enter, the gasket holes that provide ventilation are bored at points in the outer wood that do not match those in the inner. "Isn't that like the Army?" asked an official, with a look of scorn.

These absurd and torturing places are to be destroyed, and already some cells have been erected that are an improvement on them. They are larger, they have ventilation, and are dark enough without being absolutely black. There are also a few cells for incorrigibles and lunatics, who are not safe to be at large in the yards. The usual quarters form rows in the old storehouses and are cages rather than cells. There is a gain in this, in that there is better ventilation and more light, and the stone and steel construction allow small chance for the lodgment of vermin, but communication between the prisoners is made easy, and there is not the privacy that is believed to have its reformatory value. The convicts always have single beds when that is possible, but there are times when it is necessary to double up. On Saturdays there is a general overhauling of the prison, and every convict brings his outfit into the corridors, in order that it may be inspected. This makes it hard for a man to conceal forbidden things about his premises, and it also enables him to thoroughly clean his cell.

In other prisons, there is at times a difficulty in providing work enough, and the right kind of work, but there seems to be business enough here. When no work is done the men who would be otherwise idle are marched about the yards for thirty minutes every day. Convicts that have attempted to escape are put into stripes, instead of the gray-blue, numbered dress of the majority, and are therefore conspicuous in these parades. Twenty of the sixty guards accompany the working party every day to the site of the new penitentiary. There are 400 convicts in that company, and they walk five miles a day in addition to quarrying and breaking and laying stone. The brick needed for the construction is made on the premises. Other men cultivate a farm and garden of 600 acres (raising nothing for sale), and numbers are engaged in the machine shop, laundry, bakeries and hospital. The hospital is in a long, low building, apart from the prisons, though in the same inclosure. A conspicuous inmate at present—he is a nurse, not a patient—is Captain Carter, the engineer officer accused of stealing a million dollars from the government. He is a well behaved prisoner, but is a source of trouble to the keepers, because he is constantly besought by lawyers who want a part of that million, and are fertile in excuses to see and consult with him. No military officer ever sees or ever mentions him.

Military prisoners are accounted as the best who are received here, because they have learned the lesson of obedience. In their nature, however, they are like the others—childish and undeveloped. Nine in ten of the men who go to Leavenworth have never been taught to use their hands, and not many of them use their brains hard, either. It is the ignorant and passionate who make the most trouble. The few men of education who are put behind the bars are afflictive only because they are nervous when the

key is turned upon them, and they ask for special favors and employments, for that reason. In some prisons no concession is made to this class, but if they are greatly depressed or excited Major McClaughry puts them into the hospital, where they have more range, and may consign them to the room set apart for subjects of insomnia. It is the most brutal who worry the least at the restraints of imprisonment. The Indians are in general a well behaved and obedient company, and are learning to lay brick and cut stone. Punishments are administered in less than 10 per cent. of the cases, and corporal punishment has been forbidden in all United States prisons. The dark cell, bread and water diet, and chaining the wrists to the cell door are the only corrections.

There is so much out-of-door work that the health of the prisoners is excellent. They have the brown and ruddy faces of soldiers, rather than the usual bleached and sallow look of convicts, and are no more "tough" in their appearance than the average of the laboring class. They are more alert and brighter in their manner also by reason of their open air employments. Not many attempts are made to get away, because the guards are numerous and there is a murderous looking arsenal at the gate. The only time when the guards exhibit anxiety is when a fog is coming on, during the march to or from the new prison. When there are signs of darkness the convicts see gleams of light and they are hurried back to quarters almost at a run. The guards carry carbines, shotguns, revolvers and stout canes that end in a round hook. The object of the unusual curve in the handle is to secure it to the arm when it is not carried in the hand, for several officers have been hurt or killed by mutinous convicts who succeeded in getting sticks away from them.

There is a continuance of military system in the prison. The bugle still calls to rise and work and eat and rest, and the Army ration is served on the tables. Indeed, one official declares that the criminals live better than the enlisted men, now that there is no longer a canteen fund to draw upon for extras. The meat supply is about the same in quantity and quality as in barracks, the bread supply is good and without limit, and, as in the ranks, there is abundance of good coffee, but no tea. Vegetables from the prison farm are served in their season and there is special diet for the sick. Some of the men show a desire for reformation and improvement and for such a school is to be established in the new penitentiary, where they will also have larger cells, the measurements being ten feet by five, and eight in height.

Prisoners at Leavenworth are allowed to wear mustaches and beards, if they choose, and their hair is not kept very short. They can receive letters at any time, and are allowed to write to their relatives once in two weeks. On Saturday the warden holds a little court when he receives thirty or forty requests and complaints from the prisoners, or from their friends. Odd and interesting some of these requests are. Here is a man who asks the privilege of writing an extra letter. Here is another who has not heard from his wife in months, and he wants the warden to write to her and assure her that he is well. Here is a man who had \$2 when committed and he wishes to send it to his family. Here is a negro who has been thumped on the head by a white brother who didn't want to break any more stone and was disgusted because the negro dumped another barrow of it at his bench. Here is a man in great seriousness of mind who demands to know how it is that McCann, who was put

in with himself, is to be discharged on the day before and saying that he wishes to go out at the same time. And here is a woman, all the way from Tennessee, who has come to beg that when her son is whipped every morning the warden will not lay on the strokes too heavily.

"But, my dear madam, your son is never whipped," exclaims that surprised official.

"Why, I thought all the prisoners were whipped every day," she says with equal surprise. "They told me so at home."

The son is sent for and there is an affectionate meeting with the old lady. He as-

ures her that he has enough to eat, and clothes enough to keep warm in and is never struck. At the end of the interview the woman's anxieties have disappeared. "I declare, William," she says to the moonshiner, "I believe you are about as well off here as you would be anywhere."

In Camp: A Memory

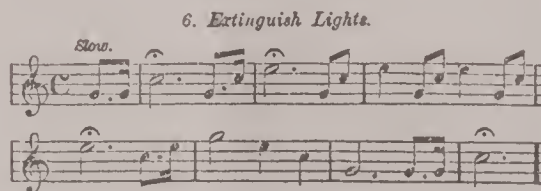


HE pines lift toward the stars, those southern stars that shine like lamps in the balmy May. Areturus rises gorgeous through the mystery of the spray. Two whip-poor-wills are sounding their melancholy call into the night, and far and near through the

forest sounds that susurrus so different from the noises of towns: the talk, the singing, the squall of accordions and tinkle of mandolins, the distant laughter, the challenge of a sentry, the crunching walk through scrubby undergrowth, the clank of scabbards and jingle of bridles, the battering of boots on the board floor at the canteen, the rumble of a freight wagon and roars of its outraged driver damning his mules, and—new thing in war—the tack-tack of a typewriter at headquarters. A city of 50,000 men is here, under the wood, so hidden in its shade that you may lose yourself in going your way from one command to another. Only the regiment next door is in sight, and its habitations glow like monstrous fungi, luminous from within. We see its tents painted against the dark in phosphorescent blotches. The candles and lanterns shine through the canvas without showing any points of light. The effect is almost magical. Except for the sentinel who plops by the lighted row, showing himself in a form of black when relieved against the tents, there is no movement across there by which one might know that there are people in the wood. It was a town of dirty white when the moon shone. Now it is a city of spectral gold. Wait a moment and it will vanish, or show at most as a mist wreath trembling above the earth.

Listen! From away to the west comes the thin note of a bugle. It is caught up here and there, coming nearer. A group of officers sit before one of the tents listening. One of them says, "We shall have the star performance now. Be still, you fellows. I want to hear this. I always think of home when I hear taps." And as he speaks there comes

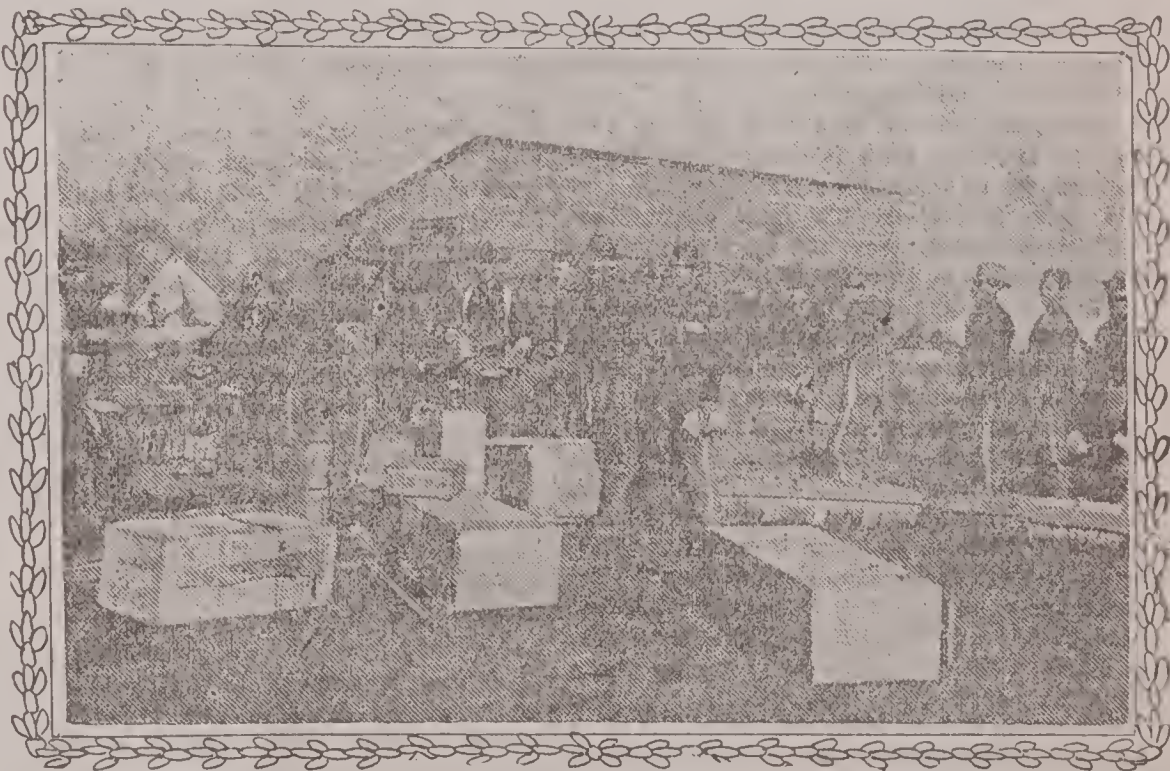
from the camp of the next regiment the soft, clear call to rest.



SONG THAT LULLS SOLDIERS TO SLEEP.

It is the song that lulls the soldier to his sleep. It is played above his grave before the rattle of sods rouses that wild echo of gun fire which is the farewell of his comrades, as his soul vaults into the infinite. War and all its

until you cannot say when it has ceased. Our regiment breaks into applause. It does that every night while the Southern men are neighbors. Neighbors, did I say? Friends! Is it not worth the war to bring together the several sections of the nation, and give us once more a country that knew no sections, but that chants the song of the sword under the Stars and Stripes? It has been said before a hundred times, I know, but you cannot live in camp and see the meetings of these men whose fathers have faced one another across the breastworks without thanking heaven that the time of peace had come even through a time of war. At night, when the light of a hundred fires makes fairy land in the forest, the one band in our division—or is it the whole army corps?—makes its circuit,



WAITING TO GO SOME'ERES.

business are hard and stern, but the life of the fighter ends in a poem. No civilized practice is so feeling as this call of taps into the ears that shall never hear it longer.

The bugler of the Fifth Maryland is an artist. He plays that simple strain with a crescendo, to the highest note, then lets it fade

going from camp to camp, among the Vermonters, the Hoosiers, the New Yorkers, the Ohio men, the Nebraskans, the rough riders from Dakota, the troops from Washington, the raw, silent mountaineers from Tennessee, the farmers from Missouri and Kansas, the Georgia Crackers, playing alternately "Dixie"

and "The Star Spangled Banner," amid the huzzas of the rough, blue-shirted fellows, and winding up in each camp with "America." It makes the tears start in eyes that usually look command, when the camp takes up the strain, and thousands of big voices are lifted in the

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

AN ECHO FROM OLD LOOKOUT.

It seems almost as if we caught the echo from the starlit crags of Lookout, where battle rolled and thundered years before and where the smoke of powder mixed with the turmoil of the elements. Strange, then, is the fall of silence when the bugle, the clock of the forest, intones "taps" and the noises

away at rocks and trees and at his brothers. If you are roused by the bang of a gun at 10 or 11 o'clock you hear comments in the tents. "Hallo! Some duck's got it in the neck," or "Some fool is trying to run the guard," or "Another Spanish spy!" but the chances are that it is a startled sentinel firing at somebody nearer to him than the stump he shot—so near, indeed, that the somebody was in his mind.

WHERE GOSSIP IS AN ART.

Yet the spy theory always has its supporters when disturbances are heard at a distance. Talk of sewing circles as places for gossip! Why, they are kindergartens compared with camp. Is it that men are more inventive than women, or do their anxieties over the misdoing of other people

out only in the dark; things that were feared as deadly, and that roused horror among the bravest—stealing, noiseless things.

One night there was an outcry from a neighbor regiment. It was half an hour or so after taps and the camp had settled for the night. The cry was of pain and fear—sudden and sharp. It was not the raving of a distracted man, and no man badly hurt by the bayonet of a guard could have kept up the strength of voice. In ten minutes we all knew, however, that it was a guard's bayonet which had caused the hubbub. The victim had either tried to desert or he had been out over hours, and in order to escape a turn in the guard house he had tried to steal through the lines, back to his tent, had refused to answer a challenge, had started to run, and a couple of inches of steel in the arm had brought him up with a turn. Rumor had this prompt and easy way of settling things.

SNAKES ARE NOT NICE BEDFELLOWS.

The incident was dismissed, along with the other excitements. A day or two later those who were admitted to the secret, and it was kept a secret in order to prevent unpleasant and useless apprehensions among the men, knew that a big black snake, feeling the warmth of a soldier's body, as he lay in his tent with his shirt open at the throat, had crawled in and tried to snuggle down between the blue flannel and the man's skin. He had resisted eviction and tried to fight. The awakening of the man by feeling the long, cold coils of the thing crawling across him was sudden, and so displeasing that he could express himself only in howls and shouts. Except this injury to his feelings he was none the worse for his adventure. The place was alive with snakes when the troops arrived there. They rustled in the brush, they coiled at the edge of the dirty creek, they wriggled in and out of the crevices in the ledges. Now and then some fellow in blue would be seen in the road or a field holding up with pride a six foot serpent and calling to his comrades, "Hey, boys, it's eels for supper to-night." And, truly, in the first days of unpreparedness and hunger, any fashion of meat would have been welcome in the place. There were many quail in the forest, and the pretty call of "Bob White" sounded through the hot and quivering air. Passing an appetite-stricken subject while the quail were calling, I said to him, "Listen! How would you like one of them on toast?" He clasped his hands across his belt, bent over in an imitation of agony, and replied, "Never mind the quail, so we can get the toast."

I fear—ah, I fear—that some of the life in this neighborhood came to end by violence. Shuffling through the brush one afternoon, taking a short cut under the pines, instead of going by the devious and dusty road, I came suddenly upon a regiment that had apparently been ordered out for battle drill. The skirmishers were advancing with amazing eagerness, widening their lines as they came on, waving their rifles and bayonets, yelling with the shrillness that always gets into a soldier's throat on a charge, even if it is no more than a practice charge against a barn. The fellows were in all sorts of dress, some in shirt, trousers and shoes, some with blouses, some with hats, some with caps, many bareheaded, but that kind of thing was too common for comment. The speed and enthusiasm were the surprising matters, for drill on hot afternoons after the



ROLL CALL.

of the canvas city cease. Here and there, for a moment, a candle gleams, and we hear the command of the sentry, "Hey, in there! Put out that light." or "Be quiet, Smith!" or "No more larking in there, fellows," with a whack on the tent side from the gun barrel. A murmur, then it is as if the forest had known no other than its little people of the caves and trees. The vast engine that may smite and destroy, the throng animated by common love of country is still, and the spell of the night is upon us who wake. At the colonel's quarters, in the tents of the few correspondents who are lucky enough to enjoy such luxuries as tents, a faint glow persists and pens and pencils race over the sheets that must find way to the telegraph station, a mile or two away, in the morning. One by one these lights also fade and there is only the tread of the sentries pacing their monotonous rounds and quickening now and then, when they see things that are not there. For guard duty is a trial even in a place of no danger and a time of peace. The responsibility in war time, when a man with nerves is put in a lonely spot that may at any instant be swept by the rifles of the enemy, is such that he may become queer in his understanding. Men who think magnify bushes into men; they exaggerate a waving limb into a cavalry advance, they hear murder in the talk of a river—for rivers that babble all day begin to whisper and talk to the dumbest ears as soon as night shuts down and you can no longer see what is really speaking; and once in a while a guard will go wild and blaze

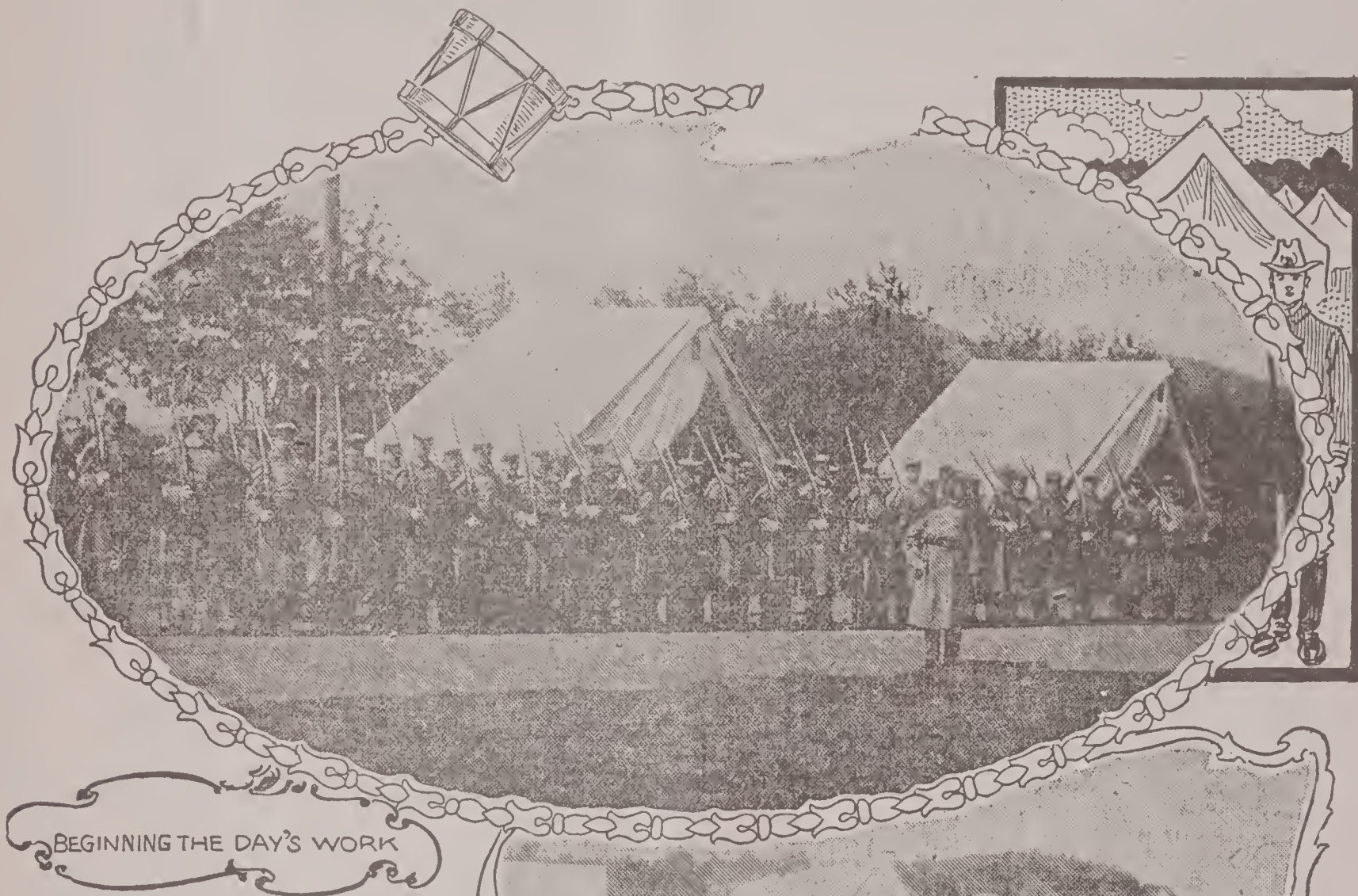
take a wider range? Certain it is that every day brought its cock-and-bull tales of captures and hangings and shootings and poisoning of wells and such like industries, and one vainly ranged the whole camp to find where they came from. These things put the correspondents about when they were first reported. A Spaniard caught over at the spring, putting poison into it! When? Where? Who caught him? Where is he now? And he's to be shot at sunrise? Where? By whose order? A man pretending to be a Cuban taken into custody while going through the camp of the First Nebraska? Proved to be a Spaniard? What could he find out that anybody couldn't have told him? Spies? You might as well expect to find spies on Broadway in the service of their government. One can understand why a spy might like to know the plan of a fort or the preparations that were forward at some of the ports for shipping troops or supplies, but what he could gain by risking himself in a camp or other mobilizing center, where he would be detected and unpopular, and where he could learn nothing of which the daily papers did not apprise their readers—well, that is one of the mysteries. But the whole camp chattered about it just the same.

Ah, but there were more fearsome things in the shadows of the pines than Spanish spies. There were things that crept upon you in the silences of the night; things that while you struck at them had disappeared, no man knew whither; things that ran the guard and that hid among the tents, stealing

round of camp work was usually a dull and routine performance. Another moment and the occasion came to view—a pig. Poor, little razorback! He had been scratching over the ground as fast as his legs could take him, but he was not equal in strategy and endurance to a whole battalion. He was presently under the arm of a big sergeant, both gasping with open mouths, and no doubt Company B had one wee nibble of pork that evening. It was the first they had had, in that case, in several days.

"Yes, that's right. My trousers are falling off o' me for want of something inside to hold 'em on. I used to have a little knob here," patting his abdomen, "that I could hang 'em to, but now I want suspenders to hold up my belt. I've pulled it to the last notch." "This business is the bulkiest anti-fat there is. Warranted to reduce any stomach if taken before breakfast." "Breakfast! Where's the duffer said breakfast? Why, we haven't had last Wednesday's supper yet." It is pleasant to record that the appeal on their behalf was

authorities who do the heavy standing around had been sufficiently prodded, but in the first few days of over drilling and underfeeding scores of men fell out through weakness. It was strange to note the effect on a company on the march when a man bowed over. Each knew it might be his turn next, but he did not want to think about it, so with one accord the company would break into song, and, quickening step, tramp on. "John Brown's Body" and "Marching Thro' Georgia" never had more



BEGINNING THE DAY'S WORK

GOOD NATURED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The patience and good nature of these fellows under their deprivations were always admirable. Even when they grumbled, they did it picturesquely, with a sense of humor. There was almost a mutiny in one company after reaching camp. I had been foraging and had secured half a dozen eggs and a loaf of bread, which I was about to share with six officers, when some of the fellows, hearing of the banquet, were so smitten in their vitals that they came clamoring to our tent and demanded reform. In three days each had eaten only a few hard tack and two slices of bacon, and they said it was growing monotonous. Having shared the monotony I was filled with sympathy—it was all I could find, except the egg, to fill with—and they gathered about to state their case, while one of the officers had gone to headquarters to see if it was not possible to cut some of the red tape that had been tied around the supplies and enable the men to break their fast. The complaints were seldom direct or rough, despite the irritation that hunger will beget in a man. "Hey! Look at my belt, will you?" one would say, "and see where it was Tuesday. Gosh! You could stuff a saddle in here now." And thrusting both arms between his cartridge belt and his body he would raise it to his shoulders and grin. Another would interrupt:

successful, and that rations were issued that night without waiting for the sergeant of I Company of the Forty-sixth to get back from the telegraph station and turn in his report, or for any company officer to report the return, or for any staff officer to report on the company's officer's report of the report, or for anybody to practice the other ways and means to keep a hungry man from getting his supper that the devilish ingenuity of militarism had devised for the blocking of business and the suppression of common sense in that ceremony ridden institution, the Army.

These matters were remedied when the

ring than when they were shouted by these fagged, sweating, empty fellows. And their bunkies were always on hand to pour on the face of the sufferer the few drops of warm, muddy, precious water in their canteens, though it might be hours before they would come to water again or be allowed to drink it when they did, for several wells in that vicinity were drunk dry, and the patriot who owned the only considerable springs wanted his government to pay an unconscionable sum for a few months' use of them. For a time the only water permitted to the troops was the creek that stagnated



ON GUARD

along the hollow ground, and filled though it was with mud and decaying vegetation, there were no attempts to boil the product. The general in command seldom, if ever, left his tent to see whether the men were in health, or whether the common sanitary regulations were observed, as they fearlessly and ignorantly were not. It is no wonder that sickness and death followed and that the flies, like in number to those of Egypt, carried infection through the country round about.

HE KNEW WHAT A "SCORPEEN" WAS.

I have spoken of the life that hid and scuttled about the wood. The most constant visitor from the coverts and the trees that rose among the tents was the lizard—pretty, nimble, graceful creature. It had to share with the serpents the ignominy and dislike that the bigger reptile endured, and I recall a lieutenant standing patiently with drawn sword, waiting for a "swipe" at a harmless little reptile when it should run down from the tree he had seen it climb. He was hardly to be dissuaded on any plea of the animal's harmlessness. And those who had lived among lizards all their lives were the worst of all, just as we have the ancient fear of the deadliness of spiders and the childlike faith that the beautiful, harmless, helpful dragon fly can sting and sew our ears together. Said an "uncle" who had come into camp on an errand, and who saw me approaching one of these lizards that clung to the bark of a tree and eyed me cautiously, "Don' go too near dem scorpeens, boss. Dem's awful poison."

"Scorpions? What scorpions?"

"Why, lak dem dere on de tree."

"That isn't a scorpion. That's a lizard."

"'Scuse me, boss, but ah've lived 'round hyah all man life, and ah hopes ah knows a scorpeen when ah sees one. Dat's a scorpeen, an' it's full o' poison."

In cases like that you have to begin at the primary school. We smile at the old darkey, but how many of us hold beliefs that are just as wild, and that interfere just as much with our enjoyment of the beauty that is in the earth and the human mind! We have missionaries to preach the gospel, but where are the missionaries that shall go forth preaching common sense?

WHEN THE SOLDIER IS AT HIS BEST.

It is at night in camp, when the soldier is off duty, that you come to know him best. A jolly care free lad he is. A week hence he may be dead on a foreign strand, with a piece of Spanish lead in his heart. Does he think of it? Yes, he can't help that, but does he care? Listen to the musical hum of the woods and you can

hardly believe so. It is his high health and youth that empower him to put aside dark fancies and live playfully in the present. So he strums his mandolin and he shuffles a dance in the company street and he has a boxing bout with the crack fighter in the next company, or he plays pranks on the stupid ones and the early sleepers, and he cracks his jokes and he gets up variety shows in the light of the cook's fire or of a couple of borrowed lanterns and now and then he gets a day off by going on guard through the night without his coat, and coming down with pneumonia. This sends him to the hospital, which consists of a space of bare ground with a tent over it. He has a quinine pill—the only medicine in camp for some days—and hard tack three times a day. Pneumonia, in Georgia, in summer! Isn't it ridiculous! He and the surgeon think so, for pretty soon he is in the ranks again and is going through the manual out in the blistering fields.

It is at night, too, that we find who they are who make this army. Gathered about the tents or lounging under the trees are the fellows who in their dusty trousers, wilted campaign hats and open throated shirts we would say, off hand, had been recruited from the down town wards of the city: the iron moulders, the ice men, the truck drivers, the bricklayers, the open air men and workers. Well, most of them are that, although mixed among are farmers and clerks and tramps—tramps who have not given over their habit, when they meet you in remoter parts of the reservation, of appealing: "Say, boss, can you spare us a nickel? I ain't had nothin' to eat since yesterday." He does not have to do that, because he gets the same credit for beer at the canteen that is given to the rich man's son, and as to whisky, it is too far to hope for, even if a nickel would buy it.

NOTHING TO DO BUT JUST WORK.

The tramp is evidently discouraged to find that even in the Army there is more to do than to walk and that he must earn his "hand-out." It is drill, drill, drill, from sun-up to dark, with guard duty every now and again at night, and the guard tent for misbehavior; it is a sharp word when he shirks at the setting-up exercise, which he must share with the others before breakfast; it is copious perspiration when he scrambles through the brush in battle drill, and powder in his nose and a bruised shoulder when he takes his turn at target practice; it is scant food for the present and long waits between meals; it is no hay to sleep on, no poultry to catch, no farmers' wives to wheedle or terrorize, no freight cars to escape in; and the ex-tramp has no conceit of himself as an element in this show of force and picturesque. When regiments march out at

sunset and in half mile lines extend down the field in dim perspective, drums and bugles rattling and ringing, flags tossing as the bearers march to place, swords and trappings glinting and a magically red light is carried over the view in the sun-soaking dust raised by the trappings of these thousands, our brother, the hobo, is not recognizable, nor can he recognize himself. He is now a son of the republic—not its outcast. Perhaps he wishes he were back on the road, begging his way through the land, but his clothes and his mission disguise him wholesomely.

In the service of the nation all men are equal. In this same company with Frayed Fagin are two descendants of a President of the United States, a real estate operator, who can write six figures on his check; a cook from the principal hotel in New York, two or three college lads, some boys from the dry goods counters, who still ask permission to go to the creek and wash their hands before eating! In khaki and blue, one is as good as any other, and sometimes better. What a many social pretensions would be punctured, what a many reputations would be proved unfounded, what a many privileges would be recalled, if the candidates had to pass muster as privates in the Army before taking degrees from Mrs. Grundy. Aye, and what small men would enlarge, what weak men would grow strong, what humble lives would find new levels of use and command, when they had the chance to align themselves with the defenders of the people! The glamor of soldiering is not merely in the bravery of color and glitter and dash and music. It is more than this; it is a glamor of courage, self-sacrifice and worth.

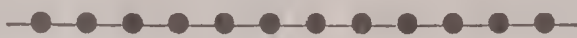
Through the night, while the pines sway against the stars and their breathings are soft and vocal, these thousands stretched on the hard, strength-giving earth, are in their sleep the symbol of great peace. The whip-poor-will calls to the rising moon, but only the sentries hear. Heavily go the hours with those few plodding, wakeful men, and they rejoice when light kindles above the trees and the shrill brass summons their comrades to the toil and the dullness, but also to the joy and the thrill of another day.



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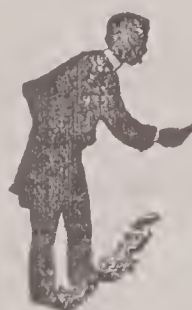
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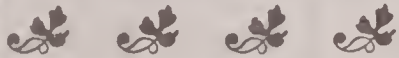
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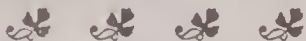
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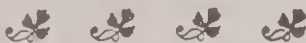
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